The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1923 No. 3018

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 377

EDITORIALS:
- Mr. Harding and a Second Term 380
- What Is the League? 381
- The Market-Place 381
- *The Nation* on the Ranch 382

THE LIBERALS AND THE LEAGUE. By Manley O. Hudson 383

THESE UNITED STATES—XXVI. ARIZONA: THE LAND OF THE JOYOUS ADVENTURE. By Mary Austin 385

THE CHICAGO *TRIBUNE* COMPETITION. By Clarke Knowlton 388

PARTY GOVERNMENT GASPING. By William Hard 389

PAN IN PITT STREET. By Esther Johnston 390

A VISITOR FROM MARS SMILES. By Maxwell Bodenheim 391

IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 392

CORRESPONDENCE 392

LIFE. By Edward H. Pfeiffer 394

BOOKS:
- Portrait of an Artist. By L. L. 394
- Prescott Illustrated. By Hartley Alexander 394
- Five Fictions. By John A. Crawford 395
- History of Art. By Temple Scott 396
- Peasants of America. By J. W. Krutch 397
- Balloons. By Katharine Sergeant Angell 397
- A Human Mixture. By Nathan Asch 398
- Travelers in Spain. By Ben Lucien Burman 398

DRAMA:
- Creative Irony. By Ludwig Lewisohn 399
- Among the Best. By L. L. 399

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- India's Peaceful Revolution. By Blanche Watson 400
- An Interview with Mr. Joffe. By Gertrude Haessler 401
- Kuzbas Colony Intact 402

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT ERNEST H. GRUENING

ARTHUR WARNER LUDWIG LEWISOHN

FREDA KIRCHWEY, MANAGING EDITOR

JOHN MACY, LITERARY EDITOR

IRITA VAN DOREN, ADVERTISING MANAGER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON ANATOLE FRANCE H. L. MENCKEN

FRIEDRICH WILHELM FOERSTER ROBERT HERRICK

CARL VAN DOREN NORMAN THOMAS

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 1170 People's Gas Building. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: Ernest Thurtle, 36 Temple, Fortune Hill, N. W. 4, England.

SECRETARY HUGHES seems to have gone into the business of apologizing for misstatements about British policy. One week he admitted that he was in error in stating at New Haven—on no less authority than that of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Assistant Secretary of the Navy!—that England had changed the mounting of her sea guns and thereby increased the range of her battleships. (In the meantime, to be sure, Congress had voted $6,500,000 to modify our ships to meet the supposed British change, and if one may judge by the floods of propaganda pouring out of Washington the navy sees no reason to sacrifice its millions merely because it got caught in error.) The next week Mr. Hughes announced that he had transmitted to Congress a spurious proclamation about oil in India and false statements about British oil policy in Burma. Now this business of apologizing for official misstatements about foreign countries is, so far as we know, rather novel; but it is a practice of which we highly approve. If Mr. Hughes would establish in the State Department a Bureau of Accuracy and Fair Play, like that maintained by the New York *World* to check up on its reporters, he might very much improve his batting average. The *World* discharges a reporter caught too often in error; Mr. Hughes might discharge himself or any other official similarly inaccurate. Of course such an unbiased accuracy bureau might not limit its apologies to great Powers like England. It might insist that Mr. Hughes recall the delegation from the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom which visited him the other day in behalf of recognition for Russia and tell them that he did not know what he was talking about when he discussed with them conditions in Russia. It might insist that he and Mr. Hoover revise a considerable acreage of speeches, statements, and press releases on Mexico. And it really would not hurt a bit if they did.

THE persistent French lying about conditions in the Ruhr continues. They gave out recently a statement declaring that the French had evidence that the German Government would make use of the Ruhr affair to spread Nationalist propaganda for the overthrow of the Republic, in order to dodge payment of reparations. Well, a dangerous monarchist movement from the Nationalist side has just been successfully checked by the Berlin Government. Perhaps the French will now maintain that their publication of the insidious German design stung the Berlin Government to do its duty, etc. Meanwhile, we get from Paris repeated stories that the Germans are seeking a way out, flying trial balloons, negotiating through Switzerland or Holland or England, and are daily about to sue for mercy. The very filing in Washington of the German statement of their case was explained as a passionate appeal for American aid. All this stuff is fed to the American press while the responsible German leaders are insisting that they are entering into no negotiations and will not do so until the Ruhr is vacated. Naturally, the French newspapers have said very little about the fact that in the face of all the threatening trouble in Bavaria, Chancellor Cuno went to Munich, publicly repeated his defiance of the French, and achieved a tremendous political success in what was supposed to be almost hostile territory. The *Editor and Publisher* knew what it was about when it warned the American press the other day that a large part of the French news from the Ruhr was absolutely false.

WHEN one reads carefully all the dispatches the facts gradually appear. They are as follows: Twenty thousand more French troops were to be sent into the Ruhr, according to an Associated Press dispatch of March 23 from Paris, which must bring the total of French and Belgian soldiers there to approximately one hundred thousand men. Of the 149 blast furnaces in France which have been working since the war all but 57 are now shut down, and more close almost daily. Lack of coke is responsible. Before the French went into the Ruhr they were using 1,100,000 tons of coke monthly. The highest official French claim is that they will be receiving 75,000 tons a month in April—convincing proof of the utter business stupidity of the Ruhr invasion. From the New York *Herald's* Paris office comes the report that French steel producers have added 10 per cent to their selling prices to meet the higher

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

price of the British coal and coke they are compelled to buy. The Alsace-Lorraine Mines and Metals Association reports that their production of pig iron and steel has fallen to less than one-tenth of the monthly average of last year. Never has such unemployment been known in Lorraine, and still more furnaces must go out of business within thirty days if the supply of coke does not go up by leaps and bounds. No wonder M. Poincaré dreads the debate this week upon the additional credits he asks to support his ruinous enterprise in the Ruhr, and that he is diverting attention to his decision that nude women appearing in the Paris music halls may remain nude, but must neither speak nor sing and must "remain far down stage and contribute to the general artistic scheme." "The reason for it all," reports a dispatch to the *World*, "is that Premier Poincaré is determined France shall play a great role in the world and foreigners must not be able to make slighting remarks about French morality."

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE and his colleagues are wise in choosing the battleground of monopoly control of prices and speculation. The La Follette report upon the oil monopoly, and the demand by the People's Legislative Service (which is an organ of the progressive bloc in Congress) for a Federal investigation of the boosting of sugar prices touch issues which strike home to farmer and city worker, to East, West, North, and South alike. Nothing has ever been done about the scandalous speculation in sugar that sent retail prices up toward thirty cents in 1920, and if the La Follette group checks another upward sweep of prices it will earn the gratitude of the country. Too much attention need not be paid to the Manly-Hoover controversy. It is plain that a Department of Commerce statistical statement leaked on February 8 and was the occasion for a killing in Wall Street. But it is equally plain that Mr. Hoover is not personally responsible for the leak. What is more important is the proved use of the tariff schedules and of the power of our government in Cuba to force a reduction of the Cuban sugar crop in the interest of a clique of beet-sugar growers.

MEANWHILE it is to be regretted that there has been so little serious discussion of the La Follette oil report. Perhaps other editors, like ourselves, have been studying it with divided minds. That the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company a decade ago had not restored competition we all assumed; Senator La Follette has demonstrated the division of territory and control of prices so that it can never again be denied. His suggested remedies, however, seem to us questionable. Prohibition of oil exports, we believe, is a short-sighted remedy which in the long run would only add to our international difficulties. Whether publicity of reports and separate ownership of pipe lines would accomplish much we doubt. When an industry becomes monopolized as is the oil industry today the road lies forward into greater government control rather than backward into an outgrown competition.

THE demand for an inquiry into speculation in sugar prices should include a demand for legislation to prevent the exploitation of children in the beet-fields. At least 49 per cent of the workers in the 12,804 acres included in a study by the National Child Labor Committee were children between the ages of five and sixteen. These children are initiated into the business of making one's way in the world by being compelled to crawl up and down the rows from six in the morning until six, seven, and even eight at night, with the shortest possible rest time, weeding and thinning the rows, their wrists swollen and lame, their hands and knees sore and cracked. In harvesting, they constantly stoop to pull the five to twelve-pound beets, swinging them on to the ricks. Fingers are sometimes amputated by the large sharp knives of the "topper" used to slash off the leaves and tops of the plants. "Family labor" for the beet-fields is hired by agents of the sugar companies in Chicago, Detroit, Ohio, and also in Texas and Mexico, the great inducement being that all members of the family can be put to work. One miner removed from West Virginia where his children were not allowed to work to the beet counties of Michigan where all four, the oldest twelve years of age and the youngest five, were put into the fields.

OBVIOUSLY Woodrow Wilson's telegram to the Governor of Colorado urging the appointment of a personal friend as United States Senator puts the Governor in an extremely embarrassing position. If he declines the request he will be charged with ignoring or slapping the face of a distinguished statesman who now gives evidence of again desiring to lead the Democratic Party to which Governor Sweet belongs. But the Governor may not feel that Mr. Huston Thompson, the Wilson candidate, is the right man for the position and he may, moreover, object violently to ceding the appointment power to anybody else, ex-President or otherwise. We certainly trust that the Governor will consider only the question of fitness and disregard entirely the question of friendships.

THE wheels of diplomacy continue to move with leisure in the Near East as elsewhere. If relief work shows the same inertia the 30,000 Anatolian refugees now herded in Constantinople will in a few months be reduced by disease to 15,000. It is no time to haggle over responsibilities when typhus, dysentery, smallpox, and pneumonia are carrying off women, children, and old men already weakened by miles of arduous fear-driven travel afoot in midwinter. For the survivors Constantinople, congested at all times, offers pitifully inadequate quarters. Effective quarantine is impossible. The harbor is worse than the city; filth and offal thrown from disease-laden ships are said to contaminate even the fish. Cargo ships bound for Greece, crowded to three times their capacity, present the spectacle of hundreds lying ill in heaps with no room to separate them, bathing out of the question, and medical care hardly worth while. An organization like the Near East Relief, struggling to continue its long-term work for orphans, yet to carry on emergency relief as well, sees its task multiplied to desperation while its funds lag behind. Ten thousand orphans are already under its care in Syria, 20,000 in Greece, with the number constantly increasing. Seventeen thousand orphans (a fair-sized city) are housed at Alexandropol in Russian Armenia. If funds are not forthcoming 60,000 orphans now being trained for industrial life will lose their chance.

AN interchange of journalists between Great Britain and the United States has long been urged by *The Nation*, among others, and has recently been advocated anew

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by W. Lints Smith of the London *Times*. He suggests that the leading British newspapers send two men or women of their staff every year to America and that the American newspapers reciprocate. He believes that such an exchange would be a very great benefit to both countries. So do we—if the exchanged journalists would be allowed to write what they really think and feel when they return to their respective newspapers. Still, they will learn a great deal which will be bound to be of service, and we hope that the experiment will be tried. Indeed, *The Nation* is doing its part. It counts itself fortunate that it will have the aid and cooperation of a distinguished British journalist and liberal, Mr. Herbert W. Horwill, from June until September of the coming summer. We note, too, the part played by Americans now studying at Oxford, in the varsity boat race and the track athletic contests between Oxford and Cambridge. We confidently believe that the unofficial ambassadors of good-will from America who are studying at Oxford and Cambridge in such numbers as to be almost embarrassing will be productive of greater and greater understanding between the two countries as time passes.

THE movie and the radio have brought up many interesting problems, none more so than the question recently raised as to the rights of composers when their works are used by the radio. It is certainly only just that they should receive royalties precisely as they do for the use of their works by the phonograph—all the more so since their royalties are reported to be falling off because of a slackened demand for phonograph records. That, if true, we believe to be only temporary; the popularizing of a song by the radio's broadcasting ought in the long run to stimulate sales to those who wish to hear a song more than once. Radio listeners must take what the broadcasters deign to give them; the latter can be quite arbitrary because they are paid nothing for transmitting lectures or music, and recoup their expenses by the sale of instruments. When the radio is developed a little further, so that performers in Paris and London can be heard in New York, there will still be international complications as to copyrights and royalties. We sincerely trust that nothing will be invented which will make it possible for our government to control or to tax such messages which may come through the ether; we still feel the shame of the Fordney tariff, which placed a tax upon knowledge by putting a tariff on books.

WHEN a timber wolf runs wild in Central Park, New York City, a Holstein bull charges through the streets of West Nyack, New York, and the Piute Indians go on the warpath in southern Utah, all in a single week, who shall say that the frontier tradition is a dead legend to the growing generation? It was a great Saturday afternoon for the small boys when the cry went up that a real wolf was loose in Central Park, and it must have been a thrilling moment for Frank Kelly's family when Fred Dibble's Holstein bull thrust its nose in the kitchen window and made loud noises indicating disgust with the world and its inhabitants. Stories of the posse chasing the Piutes must have thrilled the movie-fans. It is a pity that dull folks like General Hugh Scott and the keeper of the Central Park zoo conspire to take the thrills out of life. The keeper says that the wolf was so tame that children could feed it candy out of their fingers, and that it ran only because the policemen shooting at it frightened the poor animal. General Scott, who pacified the Piutes in 1915 by smoking a heap big peace-pipe with them, ruins the Utah story by explaining that the trouble is due to a white man's attempt to drive the Piutes out of their historic home in order to free good grazing-ground for white men's cattle. He even adds, in most unromantic and unmilitary words, "I am very much afraid the Indians will all be slain unless the use of violence is stopped at once." These are no days of illusion-lovers.

WE poke fun at the age of the penny dreadful and the dime novel, the golden age of the newsboy story and of Nick Carter. Yet that age was the golden age not only of these, but also of the booklover. Not, of course, of the bibliophile, but of the lover of books. It is a mistake to think that the cheap, old books were all trash. In the Seaside Library of Munro, for instance, one could buy in the guise of the dime novel the works of Balzac and Hardy; one could buy Don Quixote and Faust. The firm of John W. Lovell printed at ten cents a volume all the works of Carlyle and Ruskin and Emerson, of the major poets and historians, and issued, in the same series, all of Morley's English Men of Letters. From England Cassell sent his marvelous National Library of little paper-covered books in which many a man first read his Plato, his Bacon, and his Johnson. To have a quarter in those days was indeed to be free to enter all the realms of gold. Well-bound reprints of all the world's great books could then be had in such series as the Salem Edition issued by Houghton, Mifflin and Company and the priceless Canterbury Poets and Camelot Classics exported to us by Walter Scott. The Everyman Library at thirty-five cents a volume was the culminating point of the great age of cheap and handy English books. It is gone; only the Haldeman-Julius collection is left. But of the things we should wish, if possible, to see brought back some day, not the least important is the abundance of books known loosely as dime novels.

IT in no wise belittles the work of the late Henry E. Krehbiel as historian and critic of music to point out that his chief contribution to the musical life of America lay not in his attitude toward music but in his attitude toward his craft. He had an ardent faith in the dignity and importance of journalism, and his respect for the position of music critic on a daily newspaper amounted to piety. When three and forty years ago he became the music critic of the New York *Tribune*, musical criticism was mainly an avocation practiced by men of letters, or by practical musicians in their off-hours, or by some chance member of the staff who could be trusted to distinguish between Adelina Patti and Maggie Cline. Mr. Krehbiel labored and lived to see all that changed. Nowadays the music critic has as definite a place in the organization of a newspaper as the city editor or the business manager, and largely he must thank the persevering efforts and example of the deceased dean of the New York fraternity of music critics for his present honorable security. As a musical historian Mr. Krehbiel will live through his editing and completing of Thayer's "Beethoven." His critical writings are of less importance because his musical sympathies and sensitiveness embraced little outside of the strictly orthodox field of old-fashioned German conservatism, with Richard Wagner as its Ultima Thule of daring adventure.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Harding and a Second Term

THE Attorney General's announcement that Mr. Harding will be a candidate for reelection has surprised no one; surprising would be a statement that the President and his backers realize the folly of such a candidacy and the inevitably disrupting effect upon the party of the President's dictating his renomination and seeking to carry the country again. As it is, the clique which thrust Mr. Harding upon the party as its presidential standard-bearer, and those who ran his campaign, are naturally most eager to obtain a continuation of their personal prosperity. Mr. Daugherty's announcement of the President's plans is quite characteristic of the attitude of this group; he speaks by the book for the President. If Mr. Harding wondered last summer, as was duly reported in the press, how any sane man could seek again the terrible burden of the Presidency, he has now received his orders and will try to enforce the unwritten law that a party must renominate a President, since he alone can properly defend his Administration.

While we by no means admit the fitness of such a rule, we have to admit a certain applicability under the circumstances. That is, we cannot see how anybody could be found who would wish to defend Mr. Harding's record and offer it as a reason for the retention in power of the Republican Party. But for the average American the prospect is disheartening, indeed, if Mr. Harding does not change his mind again in the fourteen months which must pass before the nominating conventions meet. What could be more discouraging than for the American people once more to have to choose between Mr. Harding and a Democrat of as small caliber as Mr. Cox? It is an open secret that a group of influential party Democrats last summer offered to deliver the next Democratic nomination to a liberal Republican Senator if he would move over to the Democratic side and take the party leadership. Their reason was, they stated, that after overhauling their party from top to bottom they could find no one available who was of presidential timber—an amazing but a truthful confession. Surely nothing could illustrate more clearly the low state to which both parties have fallen. Accustomed as Americans are to voting against somebody instead of *for* some constructive policies; dulled as they are to the humiliation of jumping from the frying-pan into the fire and back again, there is something so trying in this prospect that it ought to incite a popular revolt.

That Mr. Harding's renomination will lead to a Republican bolt we feel confident. At least we cannot conceive of men like Senators Borah, Brookhart, Johnson, La Follette, and the other liberal leaders calmly accepting such an act of folly. If they did they would certainly forfeit public confidence, for anyone would then have a right to believe that they were subordinating their principles and beliefs to party exigency. These are no times to falter. The economic issues, of which Mr. Harding remains so blissfully ignorant, will be too pressing and compelling two years hence, whether the country is outwardly prosperous or not, to be deferred much longer without grave consequences. It will plainly be the duty of Senator La Follette or Senator Borah to head a third-party movement if the Republicans go wrong again, a third party which should have among its planks the repeal of the Fordney tariff, government ownership of railroads, opposition to subsidies, recognition of Mexico and Russia, friendly intervention in the European *impasse* if it still exists in 1924, disarmament, the development of the merchant marine upon a sound economic basis, etc., etc. To this standard multitudes of Democrats would repair. Whether successful or otherwise, such a movement would hearten great bodies of voters, and prevent the growth of that alarming feeling of hostility or indifference to all political affairs which is now spreading so rapidly and is alarming because it is without any accompanying desire for a new system and new methods. Such a bolt should hasten the consolidation of the Democrats and Republicans.

For ourselves, we cannot conceive of the American electorate tolerating four years more of the utter ineptitude, inefficiency, economic folly, and diplomatic stupidity of the Harding regime. We have sought in every case where Mr. Harding or his Cabinet officials have done praiseworthy acts to give them their meed of praise. So we gladly recall the President's admirable vetoes, notably of the bonus bill, the achievements of the Washington Conference which Senator Borah first suggested, the various moves toward efficiency and economy, the establishment of a budget system, his outspoken rebuke to the railroads which are deliberately refusing to settle with their shopmen, the aid given to starving Russians, and the fortunate settlement of the British debt question. These are the President's outstanding achievements; how pitifully few for two years of administering the destinies of the country! And on the other side what lapses, what failures to act, what lost opportunities! Never has there been greater need for leadership, and never has a President had a more wonderful chance to immortalize himself than has Mr. Harding, so far as European affairs are concerned. Instead, he has been content to delay and to drift, taking no action until driven into it, and then, when finally deciding upon a good move like his advocacy of our support of the new international court, doing it with a maximum of ineptitude at precisely the wrong moment. With all recognition of his kindly qualities, of his human traits, of his indubitable desire to serve the country well, truth compels the chronicling at this half-way stage of the Harding Administration that it has been precisely the failure which *The Nation* prophesied. It was a cruel thing to place Mr. Harding in the White House; it would be still more cruel to him and to the country to reelect him.

So we earnestly hope that the liberal group in Congress and those conservatives like Senator Moses of New Hampshire, who see the utter folly of renominating Mr. Harding, will come right out and declare that they will not tolerate anything of the kind. Senator Borah, in his Ohio speeches has been sounding a wise note of appeal to his party to set its face in the other direction, and to cease conducting the affairs of state with an idea to winning this or that group of voters. But the situation requires a far stronger word than that, and the liberals in Congress will be untrue to themselves and to their cause if they do not utter it before this year is out. We are hopeful that the presidential primaries will show such results when they begin to be recorded that Mr. Harding will reconsider and decide to throw the field open to other candidates. We need strong characters and men of brains in Washington rather than the present hopeless government of, by, and for privilege

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Is the League?

LORD ROBERT CECIL arrives in the United States to convert us to the League just as Professor Einstein dejectedly resigns from the League's Commission on Intellectual Cooperation, convinced that the League has "neither the strength nor the good-will" necessary for its task. It seems an appropriate time to take stock of the League.

Few men in the world are better qualified to speak in behalf of the League than Manley O. Hudson, professor of international law in the Harvard Law School, whose article we print on another page. He is a proved liberal and has served on the secretariat of the League. But for all the keenness of his mind and the soundness of his ideals we think he has permitted his hopes to bias his thinking.

When the Covenant of this League was first announced *The Nation* commented that it seemed to be "primarily . . . the memorandum of a working arrangement having in view the organization and apportionment of the material results of victory." We believed then, and we still believe, that the noble phrase "league of nations" is being perverted to the uses of victory. That the League has fulfilled some of the hopes of its sincere supporters, that it has gathered about itself many of the international functions which had been taking form in Europe before the war, does not convince us that it is yet a true instrument of peace, or that the adhesion of the United States would make it such. We are not prepared to say that this League will never become the kind of international organization which this country might properly join. But before that question can even be considered there are two preliminary conditions which must be fulfilled. The League must first of all divorce itself utterly from the Treaty of Versailles; and it must stand ready to admit all nations upon equal terms. It is well enough to point out that the League has admitted the most utterly crushed of our late enemies—Powers like Hungary, which made of itself a virtual vassal of France, like Austria, which has abdicated its right of self-government to the League and the bankers behind it, and like puny little Bulgaria. Even these are not represented on the Council. And the League has not invited Mexico to join—for the purely political reason that Mexico, while having a far stabler government than Peru or Haiti, has refused to bow to the American oil investors; nor Russia, for similar reasons; nor Turkey, because of England's opposition, nor Germany because of France's. What is the use of pretending that the League is a conference to prevent war when it is so plainly constructed out of the hates of the late war?

The League is, at many of its most essential and least defensible points, the enforcing agency of the infamous Treaty of Versailles which is injuring Europe more than the war. Austria was forced into receivership because she cannot join Germany without the consent of the League Council; the constitution of the anomalous Free City of Danzig is under its guaranty, and it appoints the high commissioner who governs that city; it acts as trustee in governing the Saar Basin, of which it names the governing commission, and it has already approved in that district some shameful violations even of the text of the treaty, bad as that was; its Council has the right to investigate the state of Germany's air, land, and sea armament; the Council can prolong many of the economic provisions of the treaty; the League has the supervision of the mandates for the former German colonies. It is most intimately interwoven into that treaty. The treaty may in time be scrapped, and the League freed of its incubus; but that time is not yet.

We would not belittle the very real accomplishments of the devoted secretariat of the League. We have urged the United States to participate in conventions to regulate the opium traffic and the white-slave trade, and in other humanitarian plans which the League has taken under its wing, just as we urged the United States to take part in similar non-political international organizations before the League was born. We are not, like Senator Johnson, afraid of contact with the League, even at its best points. We cannot, however, accept Professor Hudson's statement that no other agencies could have handled these matters; does he believe, for instance, that Fridtjof Nansen would have sat by with his hands folded and done nothing for the prisoners in Russia or for relief if there had been no League? Nor has the League's machinery for the protection of minorities been so effective that the advocates of the League do well to use it as an argument in behalf of their idol. Like its talk of disarmament and of control of the munitions traffic, that has been only the expression of a hope. Nor can it fairly be said to have "successfully handled four major international disputes"—the settlement of the Vilna dispute was, as we pointed out last week, an abject surrender to Poland; the Silesian settlement has still to prove itself; and the Aaland Islands and Serbo-Albanian disputes were hardly "major international disputes." In the worst running-amuck since the armistice—the invasion of the Ruhr—it has done nothing whatever to build up that "united world opinion" of which Professor Hudson speaks.

We had hoped, with the late Senator Knox, to see our Government take the lead in building on the democratic basis of the old Hague conferences, where all the Powers met as equals. That hope has thus far been disappointed. Meanwhile we are convinced that had our own Government ratified the treaty and joined the League three or four years ago we should only have thrust the League deeper into the mire of war psychology and have aggravated its worst faults. Our aloofness has, we believe, put the League upon its mettle. The League has been conscious that it has had to prove itself not to a group of Washington diplomats but to the American people. We should like to see the League in a position to convince America—not by specious argument, not by denying the facts, but by self-reform.

The Market-Place

THE arts, no less than trade, have their market-place. It is a gay scene and an attractive one. There are endless parties at luncheon and dinner and at midnight; there are premières at playhouses; there are meetings in publishers' and producing managers' offices. There is next to no ugly chaffering; there is very little niggardliness. A looker-on would say: What good fellows! How much more vigorously art should flourish here than in some shabby Latin Quarter! Everybody is everybody's friend; there is almost no trace of envy or malice. The situation is ideal; it is healthy; it is American.

All that is true. And indeed there is a psychical cleanliness in our better literary life—a genuine comradeliness

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and decency of contact and attitude—which cannot be too warmly praised. Yet this pleasant market-place of the arts has the dangers of all market-places of any kind in the world, and many a talent has grown thin and withered or smart and brassy here that might elsewhere have acquired richness and color, depth and glow.

The market-place offers substitute satisfactions, *Ersatz*-glory. John Smith has written a good book and some stunning stories. His publishers are satisfied with his sales; the critics, having discovered him, are genially inclined. Maybe there's a play in him. So the folk of the theater are cordial. Smith finds life exhilarating. Perhaps he has behind him years in Grub Street or in some equally disconsolate locality. Is it surprising that his heart feels warmed and his senses eager, that he floats from party to party and feels that life is indeed worth living when, at some distinguished première, he finds that he is surrounded by friends—*in* with the group that "makes" a work of art in America? He throws out his chest; he glows; the years during which he was "out" recede into a dismal and almost unimaginable distance. Failure? He begins to despise it. Look at himself. Why can't everybody do likewise? That eternally protesting, unsuccessful poet of whom he heard yesterday, always disgruntled, always shabby—there must be something wrong with the fellow. There must be. Merit *is* rewarded; the dourest critics unbend to genuine talent. Smith determines that his second book shall be in the vein of his first. He determines this very quietly, in the secret hiding-places of his mind. But the determination is very firm. He cannot bear to lose what he has gained; he must keep his stall in the pleasant sunlight of the market-place.

Thus, it is easy to see, jollity has begotten a dangerous complacency, friendliness has really begotten fear, the outer show of success an inner failure. Smith has lost the remoteness, the necessary solitariness, the self-determination of his creative life. Possessing advantages that he fears to lose and friends whom he must not estrange, having adopted a mode of life which costs so and so much to keep up, he has in reality bartered away his own development as an artist and as a man.

No, we do not mean that the artist must be dour and grim and always out of the pleasant warmth of fellowship—a grumbler and a bear. Let him by all means visit the market-place and, from time to time, share in its jollity and brightness. But let him never be of it, never dependent on it, never a part of it. Somewhere within him, as well as somewhere on the visible earth, there must be a place where his traffic with the "daemonic" forces is undisturbed. The "daemon" of Socrates and Goethe must rule with a sway that nothing can essentially impair. There must be no danger of any substitution for the ultimate test of veracity to the inner vision. "Do make your hero a bit more attractive," pleads the most generous of publishers and the best of friends. "It's the women who read the novels. You don't want your royalties to drop. Your artistic integrity will not be impaired by making the fellow more likable!" How tempting it sounds and, on a certain plane, how true! And what will be the difference a hundred years hence anyhow? But it is not on such terms that art comes into being. Flee while yet you can! Sunlight steals even into a garret; it floods the hillsides. The market-place is not the only bright place in the world. There are austerer comforts, which are independent of circumstances. These remain.

The Nation on the Ranch

Letters are the joy and despair of editors. Some inform, some suggest; some praise, some denounce; some criticize in friendly vein. But seldom does a letter so warm the editor's heart and puff him with pride as this from a lone Western ranch:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Can you imagine what life is like on one of these Western ranches in winter? On a crossroad, shut in by hills, my husband and I struggle with work from six in the morning until long after dark at night—unbroken monotony for weeks at a time except for a trip to a small town to market our eggs and cream.

Our neighbors are every bit as toil-worn and discouraged as we—unable to trade our labor for the comforts of life, seeing our homes gradually slipping away because what we produce cannot be changed into money enough to pay our taxes and interest; unleavened, unending, every day to be repeated, brutalizing toil.

Into such a home comes *The Nation* every Wednesday (if not late). It seems to be the only link connecting us with a world we left ten years ago when we came here with high hopes of earning a competence or a comfortable home at least. We scan its pages eagerly. What is going on in the world beyond these hills; has humanity won a point, or lost two, in its struggle? I carefully unbend the binding-wires and divide its pages equally, that we both may read. Our ten-year-old wall-paper fades from our sight. (The calves' milk gets too hot; "Lift it off, *please*.") By the magic of printer's ink we go traveling again. It is the medium which connects other men's minds with ours.

The prize poem, King David, has provoked more discussion between us than any other one thing *The Nation* has printed this year. Believing with Ingersoll that all gods are man-made leaves our minds free to enjoy the delineation of character of one who was evidently one of the best citizens of his time.

Our son, now twenty, has been brought up without benefit of clergy, as I wanted his mind to be absolutely unbound until he arrived at an age when he could select whatever belief suited him best. My only teaching has been: Things are so and so; you and you alone can choose what your habits are to be. If you choose wrong you or some other will have to bear the suffering which will ensue. So far the results have exceeded my wildest dreams. He is clear-eyed, mentally and morally clean. On a recent visit home from logging-camp for a day I called his attention to the prize poem, requesting him to read it aloud. Amusement, comprehension, disgust, appreciation, admiration all came and went across his vivid face. The idea that one can sin, repent, be forgiven, and sin again immediately does not fit in with his sense of justice.

I am renewing my subscription to *The Nation*. When one has worn the clothing so well described by Annie Pike Greenwood as of the vintage of 1912 so long as I have one begins to realize that even it is preferable to the wrappings of mummy-cloth with which the ordinary news- and so-called farm-papers insist on wrapping us.

Colville, Washington, March 10 MRS. J. E. HUNTER

P. S.—I am sending names of my friends with dates of copies I want them to receive. I pass my *Nations* on to others with instructions to keep them going.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Liberals and The League

By MANLEY O. HUDSON

IT seems little short of tragic that the American "liberals" for whom *The Nation* speaks should be so at odds with the liberals of other countries in their attitude toward the one great legacy of the war.

If I understand their position, it amounts to this: That the League of Nations was conceived in the sin of the war's excesses to perpetuate an unholy alliance and to enforce a nefarious peace; that it was born of the iniquities of Versailles, a child of victory and betrayal; that in its infancy it is under the control of greedy Powers which are using it only to serve their selfish and imperialistic ends; that in its adolescence it threatens to become a sinister involvement which will rob the decent Powers among its membership of their freedom of action; and that in its maturity it will stalk down the years as a giant exponent of force and subjection. Such persons occasionally admit an incidental benefit achieved by the League; they have given up wanting to kill it entirely; they support America's cooperation in the "humanitarian" undertakings which center at Geneva; but they still find the League cursed with the original sin of the peace. They opposed America's entering it when the issue was presented to us as a question of ratifying the Treaty of Versailles, and they have not changed their position now that that question is no longer before us. They offer, instead of the League, a vague suggestion about the "codification of international law"; and urge the "outlawry of war" by some fiat which, apparently, America alone is to decree.

One's views of such a question are likely to be the product chiefly of his emotions—not merely his emotions of today, but also those of yesterday. Some friends of the League still live in the orgy of war enthusiasms, and are emotionally disposed to find it the solvent of all our ills; they assert that all would have been clear sailing if the United States had "joined," as if in that way the world could have escaped paying the piper for the hideous dance of the war; and they would be ready to fold their arms in supine contentment if the United States should "join" now. Such persons were habituated by the war to the seductions of a formula.

On the other hand, the "liberal" opponents of the League approach it with the same psychology. They have allowed themselves to be jockeyed by the disillusionments of the war, the disappointments of the peace, and the discouragements of American politics into strange fellowship with isolationists, super-patriots, and ultra-conservatives. Living still in the orgy of their peace pessimisms, they are emotionally disposed to find the League a symbol of power abused, of force rampant, and of greed triumphant. Without a knowledge of the three years' record and of what the League has actually become, they are still dominated by the a priori fears of what it might be and by the bogies of their 1919 legalisms. They rejoice in the League's impotences and damn it as a super-state, all in the same breath. For a year they said the League was dead; for another year, while the membership increased from forty-two to fifty-two nations, they tried to forget it; later they dubbed it "a good thing for Europe"; now they seize upon each recurring catastrophe as new proof of America's wisdom in staying out of the evil company.

Now, I submit that these views are both awry. Given an emotional urge to a particular conclusion, reasons will always be found to support it. But we need to lay aside the emotions of both the war and the peace. We need a dispassionate appraisal of this world of April, 1923, and of the methods by which its common world affairs are to be conducted. Now that it is less closely connected with the disappointed hopes which were born of the war, now that it is freed of many of the confusions about the peace treaties, now that it can be dissociated from the bristling personalities which formerly held the stage, we may at last give ourselves the advantage of a judgment on the single issue of America's role in the League of Nations.

What is this League of fifty-two Nations, as it exists today? It is neither an angel sent from on high to save us, nor an ogre sent from below to destroy us. It is not a constricting document, clamped down upon us as a vise to bind us for all the future. It is not a new state, *sub* or *super*. It is not a new political personality. It is a method of doing business. It is a means for getting people together. It is a machinery for the manufacture of consent. It is an agency for conference and consultation.

Such a League is not a stranger in the modern world. A century ago, without telegraphs and cables, we held conference with other peoples through ministers and ambassadors. For a half century before the war, consultation was conducted over the wires. Increasingly as our contacts and communications improved, our special representatives met those of other countries around a table—at the Hague, at Algeciras, at London, at Washington, at Shanghai, at many places. The League gives us a new method of holding such conferences. It facilitates the task of getting them assembled, it provides a permanent international staff to prepare for their deliberations, and it furnishes a body of rules for ordering their procedure.

As an agency for conference, the League is organized with reference to the greatest need of our modern world—the prevention of war. The experience of the last decade has brought general agreement on one principle, which finds expression in the Covenant—the principle that any war anywhere concerns all the peoples of the world. However it may have been a century ago, today the plight of Smyrna is the plight of Cuba and of Massachusetts. In line with this, war is "outlawed" by the Covenant whenever opportunity has not been given for asserting the common interest of mankind in the maintenance of peace, whenever a participant has failed to follow an orderly procedure of attempted settlement. If, within those limits, war should still occur, the world will at least have a basis for assessing moral judgment. A state which runs amuck may find itself confronted with a united world opinion, or even with economic isolation. But the League compulsion stops there. It is consent and not coercion which is the touchstone to activity through the League.

Of course such machinery for conference to prevent war and to develop peaceful contacts has the limitations of all machinery. Conferences have now begun to be held without any special convocation, but the machinery does not function automatically. It can be used only when and as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the peoples want to use it. Unanimous consent is required for any use of it, and usually that consent can be expressed at Geneva only *ad referendum*. The only freedom of action which a state gives up in the League is the freedom to lead a hermit life and to make war as a savage, without any sense of world responsibility.

Such a League must obviously be universal to be a complete success. The fifty-two states which now support it include all of the Allied and Associated Powers in the war except the United States, Ecuador, the Hejaz, and Russia; all of Germany's allies in the war except Turkey; and all the neutral Powers except Mexico and the Dominican Republic. It is not a League of victors, with three of the defeated Powers, Austria, Bulgaria, and Hungary, in the Assembly and with Denmark, Holland, Norway, Spain, Sweden, and Switzerland still guarding there their aloofness from the war and its settlements. It is not a European League, with China and Japan represented on its Council and with India, Persia, and Siam as well as eighteen of the twenty-two American states represented in its Assembly. Such a League is not "dominated" by any Power, or any group of Powers, though the requirement of unanimity which seems a necessary alternative to world government enables any state, Britain or France or Panama or Siam, to block its action.

Yet, as the world is today, it is but half a League while it lacks the full cooperation of the United States, Germany, Mexico, Russia, and Turkey. Germany has cooperated in many ways; she is represented on the Governing Body of the International Labor Office; she has participated in a number of League conferences and is represented on a number of League commissions; she might have been a full member long ago if the liberal elements in German politics had had their way and if the opponents of her admission had not felt themselves encouraged from this side of the Atlantic. The United States is now represented "unofficially" on four of the League commissions—on health, opium, white-slave traffic, and anthrax. Only Mexico, Russia, and Turkey remain entirely aloof.

Of course the handicap of being but half a League has shaped the record of the last three years. The difficulties have been so great that if they had been clearly foreseen surely few men would have been so bold as to attempt to meet them. Born on January 10, 1920, when most of the world was still in a state of war, the League was not burdened with the task of making or enforcing the peace. The former neutrals would not have been willing to collaborate in that work. So the Allies kept those functions in the hands of other agencies—the Supreme Council of Allied Premiers, the Conference of Ambassadors at Paris, and the Reparation Commission—all distinct from the League. Hence the League did not deal with the Russo-Polish war in 1920, nor with the Graeco-Turkish war in 1921-1922, nor with the attempts to collect reparations in the Ruhr. When it has dealt with some of the problems of the war, it has acted, not as an agency for enforcing the peace, but as an agency for mitigating some of its rigors and smoothing out some of its difficulties. It has created a machinery for protecting racial and religious and linguistic minorities; it has rectified some of the frontiers, as that between Austria and Hungary; it has lifted some of the burdens imposed on defeated Powers, as on Austria; it has alleviated the war's aftermath of suffering, as in repatriating 400,000 prisoners of war.

How does the record stand today? In a bare three years the League has established the Permanent Court of International Justice, which two decades of effort at the Hague had failed to establish; it has successfully handled four major international disputes, any one of which might have led to a disastrous war; it has launched a scheme for the financial rehabilitation of Austria which has already stabilized the Austrian currency; it has promoted a number of international conferences which have produced a significant body of new international legislation; it has organized a number of bureaus to pick up the threads of international cooperation which were broken by the war; it has begun the registration and publication of all treaties as a safeguard against secret diplomacy; it has undertaken a number of humanitarian tasks which no other agencies could handle; it has served as a last bulwark of peace when highly charged issues failed of settlement by other bodies; it has assembled an expert personnel, drawn from more than forty countries, and equipped them with an understanding and a point of view for handling current international affairs; it has provided a meeting ground where statesmen of various countries can come periodically to get better acquainted with each other and with each other's problems. In short, with all its gaps, the record is one of many tasks well done and of a cumulating efficiency and moral prestige. In this period of probation one would have made some allowances for experimentation and the record would have been an enviable one even if the League had been established in a tranquil world; given the actual international situation of 1920-1923, the record must surely be counted a magnificent success.

The League's accomplishments have been achieved, not merely without the cooperation of the United States, but even with little encouragement from the spokesmen of "liberal" opinion in America. And what do *The Nation* and the "liberals" for whom *The Nation* speaks urge upon America as an alternative to cooperation in the League? A new "association" of their own designing? Fifty-two peoples will reply: "We have accepted one association made in America and it is working well. Why abandon it?" Specific changes in the existing Covenant? They will reply: "Let your government state its reservations." The democratization of the present League? They will reply: "No mere device will do the job; democratization is a process in which we must have American cooperation." A new Hague Conference to outlaw war? They will reply: "We have effected a large measure of 'outlawry' in the Covenant and we think that is as far as it is practicable to go."

I do not advocate the League as a final panacea—"nothing is final among friends." I am not wedded to the Covenant. I care little about the nature of the American reservations. But we are in the world with the Powers whose policies our "liberals" dislike, and we can not escape from it. I want to talk with them about their policies around a table instead of over the wire. I urge the League of Nations as a way of life, as a method of social living-together.

Once the United States has become a member of the League, I shall want us to help to make it a League of all the Nations. And when that is achieved, our job will but be begun! We shall still have the task of informing and educating public opinion, in order that America may play a "liberal" role in the ordering of our international life. That will be a task worthy of *The Nation's* mettle!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These United States—XXVI

ARIZONA: The Land of the Joyous Adventure

By MARY AUSTIN

IT would be easier to treat of Arizona as a Dominion than as one of these United States. Not that there is any question about the swift and wholehearted allegiance of Arizona, but there are distinctions. Her territory is about equal in map miles to the combined areas of New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, which means, taking the mountainous nature of the country into account, that there are about as many more miles standing straight in the air, lying at the bottom of deep canyons, or doubling in immeasurable folds of crumpled rock. To this dramatic variety of contour is added color and a play of light and atmospheric effect which for pure splendor and subtlety is not elsewhere matched. This superlative intention exhibited in the topography is reflected in the history of Arizona to an extent that makes it obligatory to add -est to every adjective that describes it. Not only is its Grand Canyon the grandest and its cotton staple the longest in the world, but it is the newest State and the seat of the oldest civilization within the territory of what is now the United States. In Arizona one finds the scale of amazing things running from petrified forests to common weeds that produce rubber in what promises to be commercial quantity.

First of all we hear of this country emerging from a cloud of legend in the report of one Cabeza de Vaca who had come first to Florida with Narvaez, was thence wind-driven in an open boat as far as the coast of Texas, and wandering, in the longest walk ever recorded by a European, heard of—and possibly touched—what is now Arizona, as a land of many-storied cities, true prototype of the modern American skyscraper, using gold as common metal, having door lintels crowned with turquoises. Later its wilderness was certainly traversed by Estevan, a Barbary Moor, slave of that Dorantes to whom were given the five emerald arrows, and by Fray Marcos de Niza, who confirmed the report and enlarged upon it in the manner of all subsequent visitors. Of all the joyous adventures undertaken there since Coronado's to find the Seven Cities of Cibola, no report of failure, hunger, thirst, or torturing savages has dimmed the bright appeal of Arizona's beauty and mystery. There can be no adequate discussion of a country, any more than there can of a woman, that leaves out this inexplicable effect produced by it on the people that consort there. It is an effect that primitive men seem to have responded to as readily as moderns, for a cut across the human history of Arizona reveals almost as many stratifications as the banks of the Grand Canyon. When the Mormons built their first irrigating ditch at Mesa, they saved $20,000 by utilizing the gradients laid down by prehistoric peoples, so ancient that the traditions of the present Indians have no reference to them, and every spade that the archaeologist puts into the soil puts back the record of the dust of another cycle.

It is the peculiarity of the human history of Arizona that its strata seem not to show those interpenetrations of the diverse elements which, in other environments, make up the amalgam of State character. Indian tribes in Arizona are as distinguishable from one another and from Indians elsewhere as Frenchmen from Italians. The Spanish-speaking Arizonian is removed in type from the Spanish-speaking New Mexican as the Scotch are from the English. And yet nowhere is the State type more definitely localized. Somehow the land has found a way of imposing its free dramatic quality on the inhabitants, which gives them a likeness to itself more evident than their likenesses to one another.

It is reported that during the late unpleasantness in France an Arizona teamster, delivering ammunition to the firing line under cover of darkness, lost the road and ran into a listening post from which he was frantically warned to turn back and not to speak above a whisper while he was doing it. "Whisper, hell!" said the Arizonian, "I got to turn four mules around!"

Something of this clear concentration on the task in hand and a magnificent unawareness of any reason for not proceeding directly to its accomplishment, is the note of Arizona. It is always coming to the surface of the political and social life of the people in ways inexplicable to communities in which the lack of sharp structural lines in the environment has permitted the local character to run into a somewhat flavorless plasticity. There is a story that when Arizona applied for stateship, President Taft objected to certain items of the proposed constitution. Did that worry Arizona? Not that you could notice. "Rip 'em out," was the general verdict, "and as soon as the first legislature meets we can put 'em in again." Which was done to the satisfaction of all parties. In much the same spirit of adaptation of immediate issues to an ultimate good, woman suffrage and prohibition were put through far in advance of communities that prided themselves on their sociological sophistication. Both woman suffrage and prohibition contributed to place social control in the hands of the superior racial groups, and neither the rancor of sex antagonism nor the moral fanaticisms which retarded these movements elsewhere played very much part in the Arizona decisions. Something of the same values were expressed in Arizona's election of a labor governor. Nothing could be more mistaken than the conclusion drawn by the political friends of organized labor, that Arizona was thereby committed to its program, or view its objective with a self-same eye. Almost nothing, indeed, can be prophesied of Arizona on the same basis that makes prophecy possible in older communities. The most, and by no means inconsiderable, comfort that can be drawn out of such incidents is the assurance that nothing is going to be retarded in Arizona by the fear of newness.

The one thing that might retard the necessary free experimentation in economic adjustments natural to a unique natural situation, would be the settled determination of the

* Reproduction forbidden. Quotation limited to 300 words. Copyright, 1922. The Nation, Inc. All rights reserved.

This is the twenty-sixth article in the series entitled These United States. William Allen White wrote on Kansas, April 19; H. L. Mencken on Maryland, May 3; Beulah Amidon Ratliff on Mississippi, May 17; Dorothy Canfield Fisher on Vermont, May 31; Edmund Wilson, Jr., on New Jersey, June 14; Murray E. King on Utah, June 28; Ludwig Lewisohn on South Carolina, July 12; Anne Martin on Nevada, July 26; Sherwood Anderson on Ohio, August 9; Robert Herrick on Maine, August 23; Arthur Warner on Delaware, September 6; E. E. Miller on Tennessee, September 20; George P. West on California, October 4; Zona Gale on Wisconsin, October 18; Leonard Lanson Cline on Michigan, November 1; Basil Thompson on Louisiana, November 15; Ernest H. Gruening on New York: I. The City, November 29; Johan J. Smertenko on Iowa, December 13; John Macy on Massachusetts, December 27; Clement Wood on Alabama, January 10; Hayden Carruth on South Dakota, January 24; Charles H. Chapman on Oregon, February 7; Robert Watson Winston on North Carolina, February 21; Reginald Wright Kauffman on Pennsylvania, March 7, and George C. Edwards on Texas, March 21.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rest of the country to regard them as the fruit of policies and agitations to which they bear only passing resemblances. Like Kim, confronted with the soul-loosening vistas of the Himalayas, Arizona has "flung its soul after its eyes." Its economic horizon is as vast, as vague, as absolutely unterrifying as its landscape. It can afford to experiment in local devices, just as man going from Flagstaff to Dokoslid can afford to take any promising detour without fear of missing the mountain. This quiet certainty of having all the room they need to turn their mules around in, rather than the persistence of any given party or policy, is the key to the political development of Arizona.

To understand how, without theatricality and with very little intellectual sophistication, such a common consciousness comes about among such dissimilar elements as make up the population of Arizona, we must turn again to the interactions of history and topography. Arizona is protected on the east and south by pure desertness, screening out of successive waves of invasion all but the types in whom the pull of adventure is stronger than most other considerations. The many-colored dragon of the Colorado Canyon curving about the north and west, prevents the overflow eastward of the complacent and comparatively commonplace cultures of the Pacific coast. The Indian tribes incorporated within the State are most of them of superior type. With the exception of the diminishing Hopi, none of the Arizona tribes have been communistic to the degree that has made of the Rio Grande tribes an economically satisfied and socially inbred people, incapable of assimilation except by a slow and wasteful process of absorption into the Spanish-speaking population. In Arizona more individualistic cultures have made possible a more citizenly type of coordination, in which the Indians give promise of becoming, as an intelligent Navaho once put it to me, "a pulse in the side of the white race." They have contributed the largest quota of place names, their trails have become automobile roads, their ancient ruins are public monuments, their dances and festivals are occasions of general entertainment. All this must eventually be felt as a formative influence in the art and literature of the State. If the rule holds good here that, in Europe, produced the most outstanding cultures out of a successful intermingling of aboriginal and conquering peoples, we would be justified in expecting more of the Arizona of the future than of any other single State. But for the present the aboriginals live alongside the invading settlements with, except for the brief period of Apache wars, a remote but amiable toleration. The Navaho and Hopi together cut out a section of the northeast about the size of Connecticut. The Haulapai and Havasupai are distributed along the Grand Canyon, the Apaches in the White Mountains, the Pimas in the Gila Valley, the Papagoes and other remnants along the most senseless bit of boundary in American history.

The political stupidity which deflected the southern boundary of Arizona from its original intention of proceeding directly from Nogales to the Gulf, thus giving us a deep-sea outlet, no doubt altered the whole course of political and economic development in the Southwest and probably in Mexico also. Its chief result has been to make of southern Arizona, which was naturally laid out to produce an agrarian and mercantile culture comparable with that of ancient Egypt or the valley of the Euphrates, a landlocked, commercially introverted community.

The interactions between Arizona and Mexico, checked by this illogical political interference with a natural, trade-provoking situation, have nevertheless been a considerable item in the commercial prosperity of the southern towns. During the Mexican revolution gold shipments to Tucson were not uncommon and much of the Mexican Government's banking was carried on through the local banks. Settlement from Mexico never flourished within the territory of Arizona as it did in New Mexico. In the Rio Grande country, pioneer colonization carried two distinct strains: scions of old Spanish aristocracy and peasant colonists who intermarried first with native Mexicans and later with local New Mexican tribes. The result was an almost feudal social organization which persists in the economic and political life of New Mexico to this day. But in Arizona settlement was much more a matter of individual adventure than of political enterprise. There are many more squatter's rights than royal grants among the early land titles. The Jesuits and Franciscans during the first hundred years of Spanish occupation both tried their hands at establishing missions among the Indians, which were somewhat feebly enforced by colonization. The remnant of Mexican population drawn to Arizona in their wake, functions chiefly as a medium for ameliorating the social environment for reserves of labor drawn across the present border. Mexican labor properly handled is likely to prove a steadily appreciating factor in the development of southern Arizona. A Sonoran Yaqui will do twice as much work as a white laborer and show a steadier sense of responsibility toward his job.

The bulk of this Spanish-speaking population is centered around the Gila River and its tributaries. At Tucson the lovely mission of San Xavier del Bac preserves the best of Spain's contribution to the Southwest, a style of architecture, so right in its relation to the conditions of church and home building that it has become part of the Southwest's contribution to America, and a tradition of an intimate and releasing art of life and decoration.

Impinging on the Spanish-speaking culture, often in direct conflict with it, came successive waves of adventurous overflow from the United States. As early as 1803 when the Louisiana purchase had made what was then known as Nueva Mexico, contiguous territory, American trappers began to explore the lower spurs of the Rocky Mountains. Incidents bearing the names of Kit Carson, Lieutenant Beale, Zebulon Pike, Frémont, the Pattees, Captain Cooke, leave a rich detritus of romance; filibustering episodes, Apache raids and counter-raids, lost mines and lucky strikes. Stuff of this nature drawn out of the history of their own community, is excellent filling for the imaginations of the younger generation. Actually the new romantic period of Arizona, which lasted from about the beginning of the nineteenth century until the separation of the Territory of Arizona from New Mexico in 1863, has left fewer visible traces on the life of the State than the period of the old romance, which began with the exploration of Fray Marcos and Estevan the Moor in 1539, and lasted until the death of Maximilian. Mexican interest and influence dwindled rapidly during the years between the founding of the Mexican Republic and the Treaty of Guadeloupe. American settlement had already begun when annexation took place. Development since the separation of the Territory of Arizona from that of New Mexico has been so rapid that, to all appearances, the pioneering period has been completely submerged by it.

Over all the social and commercial life in the larger communities of Arizona has been spread that shining

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

surface competency made possible by rapid transit, the wide use of electrical appliances, popular magazines, and the possibilities of mail-order shopping. The uninquiring stranger might spend months in the cities of Arizona without discovering anything that distinguished them from other American cities except a faint Spanish flavor kept alive chiefly for the delectation of the tourist. I have addressed a teachers' institute in Tucson without finding it any less competent or any freer from conventional teaching limitations, than similar groups in Kansas or Pennsylvania. I have lectured to Arizona women's clubs on precisely the same subjects that make club programs elsewhere, and with almost identical reactions. Arizona women are a trifle less familiar with the "patter" of culture east of the Mississippi; they are also a little more accessible to new points of view. But this is a distinction that can be made in other Western States in direct ratio to the distance from New York.

The things that are peculiarly Arizona's are expressed in the quality of the attack on the environment, rather than in the surface forms of culture. To many people Buckey O'Neill and his Rough Riders are the quintessence of this Homeric Arizona strain, but even to get the full flavor of that, one must know such nuances as that the redoubtable Buckey himself fainted at his first sight of a legal execution, and that the massed church choirs and a chorus of normal-school girls saw him off from the station to the Spanish War singing "God be with you till we meet again."

Perhaps this native attack on the environment is best described in material less Homeric, and easily assembled out of the annals of trade in almost any small Arizona city. The freight rate for Tucson, for instance, included at one time charges to some point on the Pacific coast and back, as in the days of Frank Norris's "Octopus," used to be the case with all points in California. But the Arizona merchant wasted no time in raising an Iliad of woe over his situation. He shipped his goods in bond through to Guymas, or some point in Mexico which has a water rate: shipped back to Nogales and hauled them the remaining seventy miles in wagons.

All around Tucson and Phoenix and Prescott you will find the evidences of true American normalcy, wide streets, beautiful homes, orange orchards, cotton fields, crop rotation, automobiles and Rotary clubs, but, underlying them, strategies and toils of the dimension just quoted, rooted in the rich stock of pioneering life of no more than a generation or two ago.

If you examine any list of names of those pioneers you will find English, Scotch, and Virginia-Irish names—a great many Southerners drifted in that direction after 1864—and in any collection of pioneer likeness you will find one type of physiognomy predominating, tall-bodied, broad-browed, wide between the eyes, and in spite of the Viking mustachios and long curls which gentlemen of that period generally favored, a look of almost childlike mildness. You will find a good many faces of that type looking out at you from any group of University of Arizona students, with the far-fixed gaze of generations who have "stretched their vision" over the great spaces of the arid West. They were hard livers, those Arizona forebears, slow talkers, quick doers, chivalrous toward women, and within their concept of justice and honesty, incorruptibly just and honest. But it will be another generation or two before the stock comes to flower.

This Arizona which I have described, with its agreeable and promising mixture of modern American "pep," pioneering fiber, and Spanish-Mexican flavor, is concentrated almost wholly in the river valleys south of the Rim, the cutting edge of the Mogollon Mesa, running slantwise of the State between the Hualapai and Fort Apache Indian reservations. Northward the character of the land changes to vast stretches of sage-brush and bunch-grass country, sparsely dotted with cedar and piñon, cut with great gorges and outcrops of brown and ocher and vermilion rocks. The Rainbow Bridge is in this country, the Painted Desert, the Hopi pueblos, and the most interesting of the cliff-dwelling remains. It is also a cattle country within which is nourished almost as much apart from the rest of Arizona life as if they did not occupy adjacent and overlapping territories, one of the three C's—cotton, copper, and cattle—which keep up the economic life of the State.

Cotton is raised in the valley of the Gila and in irrigated lands under the Roosevelt Dam; cattle are raised chiefly north of the Rim; and copper, together with silver and lead, is produced out of widely distributed mountain regions. Between these three industries there is only the thinnest integument of commercial interchange. Any one of the three could fall out altogether without in any way affecting the entity that is Arizona. In times like the present when every one of these industries has experienced a slump, the personnel items shift and are replaced as the land calls its own out of the most unlikely quarters, calling "Come and find me!"

The relation of the great mining industries of Arizona to the features that have just been described requires a certain amount of explanation. Productively their output must be credited to the wealth of the State, but actually they are mere isolated spots of infection, of industrial enterprise or corruption—as your point of view inclines you to regard them—taking their life from New York. Whole towns spring up overnight or are depopulated by mandate. Clashes between employer and employed take place in their streets, motivated by issues at stake in the capitals of the world. Only occasionally Arizona takes a hand in the proceedings. When it does everybody knows it, as in the case of the Bisbee deportations. Also everybody else is more worried by it than the native Arizonians. In spite of the effort of organized labor to make of what happened at Bisbee an item of capitalist strategy, it remains in fact a characteristically Arizonian incident. There was at Bisbee at that time real apprehension of Mexican raids. There were also at Bisbee certain representatives of a not much-loved labor organization making the juxtaposition of the tinder pile to the Mexican match. Promptly, efficiently, and wholly illegally the native Arizonians removed the tinder to a less threatening neighborhood, and nothing in their experience surprised them more than the fuss that organized labor and the liberal element generally made about it. In the press the incident was made to appear as a result of hysteria engendered, according to the political bias of the organ, either by the I. W. W. or by the mining interests in an effort to discredit organized labor. But so far as the social consciousness of Arizona at large was concerned, the truth of either, or both, or neither of these allegations did not enter in the determining degree. The deportees were handled much more in the spirit which, in the old days, made it obligatory on the other gentlemen present to throw the drunken cowboy out of the dance, without inquiring too closely who paid for his liquor, than, as it was generally treated by the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

press, as an incident of the welter of our civilization in the bog of economic stupidity. Politically it harked back to the period in which the *jefes* and *governadoras* of remote communities were allowed to dispense justice and equity in all cases except the most overt to their satisfied tribesmen, as might be easily deduced from nature of its reactions in the State at large. The Governor, a Republican in an overwhelmingly Democratic State, lost no votes by his public utterances as to the extra-legality aspects of the affair; and the most public of trials, with actions in State and Federal courts, with no avoidance of the facts, brought no convictions, in accordance with a prevailing public sentiment.

There does not appear any immediate reason for thinking that Arizona will outgrow her right to the Joyous Adventure. The irrigated valleys are due to become opulent. But a rod beyond the furthest ditch the desert waits with immeasurable beauty and mystery. New mountains not yet worn down to the soothed contours of maturity lift the vision and color the aspirations of men as they stain the air with splintered light. Beyond the rim of Mogollon, irreducible spaces of open wood and wind-sculptured rock and ancient ruins intrigue the imagination.

There is an effect of beauty upon the spirit of man that escapes measure and definition. So much of Arizona is by its natural constitution conditioned to be always beautiful, and to serve only by its beauty, that we can not suppose that it will fail ultimately to produce some equivalent uniqueness among its inhabitants.

The Chicago *Tribune* Competition

By CLARKE KNOWLTON

WE all know that the skyscraper is a distinctively American institution, created by the congested conditions in New York City demanding the accommodation of vast numbers of people and organizations on a limited area of ground. The development of skyscraper design may be called America's greatest contribution to the architecture of today. Certain it is that with this distinctively new problem, both from an engineering and architectural standpoint, we have evolved something never before known in history. Probably to date, the most satisfactory solutions have been achieved in the beautiful Woolworth and Bush Terminal buildings in New York City.

Many people in passing a tall building in process of construction have remarked how much more beautiful it seemed before the powerful and towering skeleton of the building was screened by the thin curtain walls of brick or stone. The problem of the architect has been to express this structural element in his exterior, or at least to beautify the exterior without interfering with the structural necessities fixed by the demands of economy. Thus does architecture, as in all time, conform to the demands of life, and this connection, at once a curse and a blessing, has saved architecture alone of all the arts from becoming a detached thing relegated for the most part to museums and exhibitions, dependent for existence upon the appreciation and patronage of a cultivated minority, and without any other connection with the life of the people.

In the design of skyscrapers, more than in any other field, does the conflict among architects manifest itself. The distinct schools, headed by various prominent architects, are sometimes as bitter against each other as were the branches of the Protestant church. There is one party that believes architecture to be a sacred reflection of the civilization it represents; that America more closely resembles ancient Greece and Rome in character than it does medieval Europe, and that the architectural forms developed by these countries should be employed in modern design. This group is inclined to use columns and pilasters wherever possible and abhors even the slightest introduction of Gothic form or detail. The second group worships at the shrine of "Gothic," that very difficult and dangerous style, a working knowledge of which demands years of special study and, as it were, the mastery of an obsolete and elusive language. The similarity in point of vertical proportion of the modern skyscraper to many of the ancient Gothic towers has suggested at least the use of Gothic detail for the ornamentation of the modern tall building. The first group points out that the beauty of Gothic detail depends very largely on the variety of the carving of individual parts, and that we have not the time, money, nor workmen to render it practicable. A third group believes in the creation of our own architectural forms and detail, the elimination of all adherence to tradition, and often does not favor any great familiarity with the architectural details of the past. It is not meant to affirm that all architects are divided into three definite groups, or that with a few exceptions they limit themselves to the use of any one particular style.

The results of the Chicago *Tribune's* recent prize building competition must be considered in the light of the situation which faced the architects. The *Tribune* is to build a sumptuous new home in a most conspicuous position on Michigan Boulevard at an approximate cost of $7,000,000. The building, to be known as The Tribune Tower, will be 400 feet high. The architect was selected in a competition in which $100,000 was offered in prizes. John Mead Howells of New York City won the first prize of $50,000 and the appointment as architect. Associated with Mr. Howells was Raymond M. Hood, also of New York. The second prize of $20,000 was awarded to Eliel Saarinen of Helsingfors, Finland, with whom were associated Dwight G. Wallace and Bertell Grenman of Chicago. The third prize of $10,000 went to the firm of Holabird and Roche of Chicago. The remaining $20,000 was distributed in $2,000 allotments to ten well-known American architects who had participated by special invitation.

One has little difficulty in understanding the decision of the judges in awarding first prize to Mr. Howells. His design is rich, impressive, and powerful. He has chosen to use Gothic detail. Mr. Hood, the associate of Mr. Howells, has been quoted as saying: "Our desire has been not so much an archaeological expression of any particular style as to express in the exterior the essentially American problem of skyscraper construction, with its continued vertical lines and its inserted horizontals." As a matter of fact, in construction a skyscraper is a steel cage, a sort of gridiron, in which the vertical and horizontal members appear equally important, but a beautiful expression of this fact has never been achieved. The vertical lines of Mr.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Howells's tower rise from a particularly successful base composed by the lower stories of the building. While emphasizing a stronger note in this base, the designer has attained a unity with the stories above that is noticeably lacking in most of the other designs. The structure is carried up as a square on the Michigan Avenue side, and counts as a single unit from all angles, rather than being a tower attached to, or superimposed upon, another building as is so often the case in buildings of this character. The emphasized vertical lines are carried up to an elaborate openwork Gothic parapet. One publication states that only 21 stories, or 260 feet, of the building will be occupied, the other 140 feet serving as "inspiration." This upper feature becomes purely Gothic, although the saints and niches used by some of the competitors are fortunately lacking. An octagonal tower surrounded by flying buttresses of stone is superimposed upon the body of the building. Upon this large Gothic tower is a smaller tower, the whole creating a rather splendid silhouette. To the trained eye the manner in which these heavy stone buttresses are supported is displeasing. One remembers the rectangular framing of skyscraper construction, a steel cage. The octagonal feature on top of the building must be supported with all the radiating buttresses. It seems hardly logical to pile so much stone on top of the slender steel and it is inconceivable that radiating supports and masonry piers would be carried down to cut up the offices. Logic must give way to belief in structural invention. Mr. Howells, perhaps realizing this, has emphasized the vertical supports at the points below the buttresses. The resulting treatment of the corners of the building is most logical, the corner bay being cut off on the diagonal so that the corner feature appears as three sides of an octagon.

The second prize design is preferred by many architects to that of Mr. Howells. It is a grimly majestic edifice with stern vertical lines, relieved by almost no decoration save a few statues. The vertical lines are not stopped by cornices or other motives. The lower story is out of scale with the rest of the otherwise uniform design. This tower rises as a single unit from a square base, the transition to the smaller area at the top of the building being achieved by stepping back the walls at several levels, the architectural motives being carried up otherwise unbroken. Mr. Saarinen's design, following no architectural tradition in point of detail, has managed to achieve a noteworthy distinction and a beauty quite its own. In the third prize design the architects chose the Gothic style in which to dress the lower and top portions of their building.

Among the minarets and bulbous domes, the superimposed Italian palaces, the horrors in imitation Gothic, the Egyptian pyramids, and every known variation of architectural form that smote the eye while one looked over the competition drawings, one discovered every once in a while something truly beautiful. There was one design by Frank Fort of New York that vindicated the use of classic detail on skyscrapers. It was simple and effective, piling up with the dignity of an ancient Roman monument until the unfortunate and unnecessary pediment on top ruined the illusion. Perhaps some of us had expected too much, but the general standard of design shown in the drawings of this competition seemed distressingly low. We are unwilling to admit that they represent the best creative efforts of our most gifted architects.

Party Government Gasping

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

A WASHINGTON hostess lately, on inviting Mr. John T. Adams, chairman of the Republican National Committee, to her house, remarked that she would place him at her right, and let all Senators and all other political dignitaries occupy places inferior to his; because, as she said, she knew from the writings of our most learned men that this government is a government by parties; and she felt accordingly that the chairman of the dominant party was clearly the social apex of Washington and should be recognized as outranking all its other inhabitants, including—for that matter—the President himself.

This lady's learned and ingenious effort to do fit honor to the silent sage of the Republican Party would seem to qualify her to be numbered among those cave-dwellers who remember the days of party government at Washington and perhaps even regret their disappearance. Such reactionaries exist. Specimens of them have been found in the drawing-rooms of Sheridan Circle, on the edge of the gulley that leads to the zoo.

Their consolation now is that the populace seems as much annoyed and endangered today by the results of the absence of party government as it used to be by the results of the presence of it. Even in the caves of Washington we hear that the populace demands that the Administration shall have a "policy" and that the Senate shall exhibit "action."

If this rumor is veracious, and if the voters do indeed pine for a "policy" and for "action" and for "leadership," they may perhaps be interested in contemplating at least one of the reasons why instead of a "policy" they get drift, and instead of "action," postponement, and instead of "leadership," circular conversation.

This reason—in one of its manifestations—was aptly hit off in a query by that great epigrammatist, Mr. George Moses of New Hampshire. The revenue bill had just departed from Congress to the White House. It had caused great dissensions in the course of its congressional progress. The President had demanded that the highest surtax be reduced to 32 per cent. The House of Representatives had vigorously and independently refused to surrender its judgment into the keeping of any one man.

Some Senators thought that the President went too far. Others thought that he did not go far enough. Some Senators went off the reservation because the final bill was too reactionary. Others went off the reservation because the final bill was too radical.

Among those who nobly departed into the desert for reasons of their own was Mr. Moses. He is an honest conservative. By an honest conservative I mean one who does not call himself a progressive.

He went off the reservation toward a tory view of the revenue problem, and he separated himself from his party in the final vote in order to be true to his principles.

Surveying this splendid spectacle, however, from the cool calm of the lobby, he subsequently addressed to me a query which contains many compacted implications. He said:

"What is going to happen to the party now, if even the conservatives are going to have principles?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He made me reflect on the manifest fact that no revenue bill of any sort would ever get passed by the Senate at all if every Senator insisted upon voting against it as long as it contained any violations of his principles.

A party is manifestly a means by which a variety of principles get harmonized into a unity of action. A party necessarily does violence to the principles of its members. A strong party does violence to them promptly and produces action promptly. A weak party does violence to them slowly and produces action slowly or not at all.

The public has wanted the statesman to lift his proud and uncoerced head far above the dictatorial mandates of the party "bosses." It has wanted him to "defy," and also —for good measure—"denounce" the "machine." It has wanted him to follow his "own" conscience. It has wanted him to be "himself." God send us "men"!

I am happy to report that God has sent them. The manhood of the Republican members of the United States Senate is now such that no "steering" of them by the Republican Senatorial Steering Committee is thinkable. The committee exists. But it has a wise habit. It never meets.

Who so mean spirited as to consent nowadays to be "steered"? Manhood demands that we go over the rapids with all of us independently and courageously in the prow and nobody plying an autocratic paddle in the stern.

The President, from an heroic position at the very foremost tip of the prow, tosses a ship-subsidy bill manfully and blindly back over his shoulder into the Senate. He personally and individually regards it as a good bill. So he calls it a Republican measure and sends it on its way.

The manhood of the Republican members of the farm bloc, just recently fattened by indirect subsidies of unprecedented nutritiousness in the Republican tariff bill, meets this Republican ship-subsidy bill and slaughters it. The Republican Senatorial Steering Committee comes forward with no alternative shipping policy. In order to suggest one it would have to devise one, and in order to devise one it would have to meet, and it cannot meet; because if it met there would be an open disclosure of the open secret that nobody is willing to let it steer.

So the session adjourns with no shipping policy adopted. It adjourns with no policy adopted in any field except that in which our new little political machine—the farm bloc—is operating. The farm bloc machine, being a machine, produced leadership and policy and action. The Republican machine, having been resolved into a junk heap of mainly independent unconnected cogs and wheels and pulleys, produced no such things.

Political action is collective. Political policy is collective. Individual political leadership implies collective political followership. We now in the United States Senate on the Republican side have so many leaders that if they divided up the followers among them they would have about two and three-tenths followers apiece. When these followers have progressively emancipated themselves from their followership and when in the Senate we have as many sets of immortal, immutable, uncompromising principles as there are Republicans, then the life of the Republican Party will become one long, manly, independent, continuous stalemate.

Therefore the signs multiply that we now in fact will presently be going back toward the organization and discipline and collective party authority of the cave-dwelling age. Watch these new organized "blocs" and see!

Pan in Pitt Street

By ESTHER JOHNSTON

PITT, meanest of New York streets, was celebrating Chanukah and Christmas, which this year almost met on the calendar. What the Jewish children missed in the Nativity Group at St. Francis Xavier's church and the fabulous Christmas stockings they made up for in an eight-day feasting, which neighboring Irish and Italians might envy, and a wealth of candles that rivaled those on the high altar. Indeed the season, though untimely cold, carried with it a good-will that extended even to that street with its manifest antagonisms of race and religion. It was odd that the police should have been called out to break up a crowd that threatened to become a mob.

For the contrast in religions that had been carried on all week was strangely interrupted by the appearance of a van of Gipsies. The light snow that began falling in the early twilight and the emergence of a few mellow lights dealt gently with the drab street and lent grace even to those unsightly obstacles on the sidewalks—the uncollected souvenirs of feasts. Although the street had seemed deserted, no sooner had the van stopped at number 11 and the dark men and gaily swathed women appeared than the crowd gathered as if by magic. There was nothing sinister about it. It was frankly curious to see strangers so vividly dressed, so odd in their ways, so "foreign." But while the Gipsies waited for the janitor to admit them, the crowd grew till the street was blocked, and the police came to clear a way so that the babies and a few mattresses and some tattered bundles could be taken into number 11, which was, it seemed, an empty store.

The Gipsies had come to spend the winter. Their coming was against the legend that they headed south in October to pass the season openly and debonairly. No one knew or ever found out why they elected the discomfort of a bare store on Pitt Street with neither the conveniences of civilization nor the cleanly freedom of the open road. No one could talk with them. Either they could not understand or they did not choose to. The crowd, keeping a respectful distance, was awed not so much by the police as by the taciturnity and foreignness of the strangers. The Irish and the Jews, the Austrians and Italians drew closer together and became friendly and talkative, wondering at these people, so much stranger than any of the rest of them. The Catholic religion might be foolishness to the Jews, the Jewish belief was anathema to the Italians; but these Gipsies, it was whispered, had no religion of any kind. Well, the street would be lucky if no evil came while they were in the store. The tale was, an old Irishman told them, that they were a wandering race because they refused to give shelter to the Christ Child on the flight into Egypt. And the Catholics remembered what night it was, and crossed themselves, drifting away to prepare for the midnight mass.

Thereafter, once a day, about noon, the women of the several families that used the one storeroom came out into the street, and walked slowly and imperturbably to the pushcart market under the bridge. They never again occasioned a riot but they kept the neighborhood in a strange ferment. They did their marketing without the invective of the Irish or the zest of the Jews, but with firmness and economy, and, it was hinted, with light-fingered movements

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to their gay, capacious shawls. There was one old crone—perhaps forty-five by actual count of years—so wrinkled, so toothless, so beat upon by life that time seemed to have settled upon her vindictively. There were middle-aged women of twenty-five with a brood of little children circling around them. There was a bronzed, smoldering beauty of fifteen, scowling and disdainful. Their many-colored skirts, their brilliant shawls, their hooped gold earrings, above all their dark reticence in strange contrast to the gesticulating groups around them, never failed to make the crowd uneasy. Neighborly bickering ceased and the street grew silent and suspicious till they had passed.

I was walking by one day when the Gipsies made their afternoon sortie. Neighbors were watching them from across the way. Children who had been playing noisily took each other by the hand and stood in the doorways. They had the same awe that I had seen in the faces of children of the Middle West when the Gipsies passed in their wagons.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"They're Gipsies! They steal little children!"

They gathered around, and an Irish boy grew bolder. "Do you see the boy with light hair—with the old woman? They stole him!"

The others nodded. They were torn with the same conflict that children everywhere know—fear that they themselves may be stolen, and longing to be one of those mysterious victims.

Later, I heard that one of the Gipsy boys had been put in school. A truant officer had discovered that he was of the age. He stayed in the classroom for a week; then the teacher said that she would go if he did not. No, the boy was not noisy. He sat quietly and scowled upon her and the children. He spoke no English nor would he try to learn. But his very presence in the room was disturbing. The other children were possessed. He released in them all the desire to be wild and free and away from irksome things. His contempt for books permeated the room. If he had done anything she could punish him. But you can't punish a boy for driving everyone wild when he doesn't even talk and scarcely notices. The descendant of the Stanleys went, and the Cohens, the Murphys, the Messinas settled into their accustomed routine. Almost—there was a flicker of the old wildness left. It flared out especially on spring days. Then the Stanley undoubtedly had the best of them all.

For, on a day in March, the Gipsies abandoned their storeroom. The dark women in their fold after fold of petticoat, assisted by their cat-footed men, took babies and bundles to the van that reappeared at the curb. Jew and Catholic and Protestant stood across the street to watch the embarkation. They had a loudly proclaimed feeling of superiority toward the godless foreigners. But this departure at the first hint of spring stirred a latent nostalgia, and sons and daughters of the street fell to wondering about that other way of life.

"Poor things, it's uncivilized they are," Mrs. Grady told Mrs. Levitzky in the hall that was their frequent battlefield. "Three months have they been on the street, and not a word, and no looks but black ones for their neighbors. Always on the jump they live without any comforts at all. I wonder they wouldn't be for settling down like the rest of us, and put their lazy men on piece work."

"My man wants we should move to the Bronx," confided Mrs. Levitzky, who frequently played with this idea. "But I was on the move for a year in the old country, and I want no more of it. It's better we should make a home, I say, and stay in it, instead of running all over the country. Poor things, they ain't got our comforts, not even beds."

Sadie Levitzky, coming home from the cap factory, straightened her tired back and returned the frown of the Gipsy girl. Sadie's beaded crepe dress and tilted hat and scalloped white shoes were something like, she reflected. She might have been wearing crazy shawls and lots of petticoats herself, looking generally ridiculous, if her folks hadn't had "pep" enough to pack out of Russia. The wagon van was moving off. The dirty snow was trickling away, and above the herring and pickle smell there came a faint air from the sea and from distant awakening woods. Sadie was just flicked by a strange doubt. Caps, caps, caps, eight hours a day, machines, noise, smells, crowded rooms, high-voiced, highly strung people. . . . She shook her bobbed hair angrily and compressed her reddened lips. "Sure I got the best of it." And she exchanged a last scowl with the Gipsy girl, and, brushing past her mother without a sign of recognition, she went into the gaslit hall.

A Visitor from Mars Smiles

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

"Erudite and burnished poets seek
Pliant strength from Latin, French, and Greek
Phrases, finding English incomplete.
Or do they conceal their real defeat,
Like some juggler, faltering, who drops
Circling, rapid balls of words and stops
To relate obscure, pretentious tales,
Hiding nervous moments where he fails?"
Torban, visiting from Mars, became
Silent, and his smile, like mental fame,
Rescued the obscurity of flesh.
Then I answered with a careful, fresh
Purchase from the scorned shop of my mind.
"Men must advertise the things they find.
Erudition, tired after work,
Flirts with plotting vanities that lurk
Poutingly upon the edge of thought.
Languages and legends men have caught
Practice an irrelevant parade
With emotions morbidly arrayed."
Torban gave the blunt wealth of his smile.
"We, in Mars, have but one tongue whose guile
Does not yield to little, vain designs.
Feelings are fermented thoughts whose wines
Bring an aimless fierceness to the mind,
And a row of dyes, convinced and blind,
But we sip them carefully, for we
Do not like your spontaneity.
Children babbling on the rocks in Mars,
Shrieking as they dart in tinseled cars,
Are spontaneous, but as they grow,
We remove this noisy curse and throw
Nimbleness to rule their tongues and ears—
Juggling games that slay their shouts and fears.
Novelty to you is almost crime:
We decorate the treachery of time!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the Driftway

THE Drifter looks forward with pleasure to Lord Robert Cecil's visit to America and sincerely trusts that the extraordinary series of luncheons, dinners, and meetings arranged in his honor is really based upon his own merits and has nothing to do with the American worship of a title. The Drifter remembers well Lord Robert's appearance and services at the Paris Peace Conference. For one thing, he looks like an old-fashioned British parliamentary leader of men. Nature fashioned him in a large mold, and to see him is to have one's mind turn back to the bound volumes of *Punch* of the days of Disraeli, Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and Gladstone. But there is one unusual physical characteristic of Lord Robert—he appears to have an entirely flexible spine. If you come upon him sitting down you are struck by the superb head with its deep-set eyes, but the head is down upon the chest, he appears all crumpled up, and as he sits you wonder if he is a hunchback or whether he is without an adequate torso. When he rises he stands over six feet, admirably proportioned, as big physically as he is mentally.

* * * * *

AT Paris he fought superbly for his vision of the League of Nations—which was too fine to be accepted; his time was always at the service of any one interested, and everybody who went to him came away charmed with his simplicity, his kindliness, and his democracy. He is to the Drifter so truly a nobleman that the Drifter shares with his friends, the editors of *The Nation*, their regret that in a recent parliamentary debate Lord Robert subordinated his unselfish activity for the League to party considerations. Perhaps it is just this occasional proof that the Cecils have always been stubborn party men which makes many of his warmest admirers in England less hopeful of Lord Robert as a possible future Prime Minister.

* * * * *

IN this connection the Drifter rejoices over a rumor from London that Ramsay MacDonald will arrive in America for his first visit next fall. His only regret is that MacDonald and Lord Robert could not be in America at the same time, the one a splendid specimen of the disappearing aristocratic leadership of England, and the other a fine, handsome, upstanding type of the new leadership of England—a democrat with socialistic beliefs, a skilled parliamentarian, who may easily become Prime Minister should the next general election put Labor in control of Parliament. Mr. MacDonald is internationally minded and free from international hatreds and distrusts. A Scotchman, he loves his Scotland and his long walks over the moors in his brief vacation periods, and if it rains while he walks, why, so much the better—isn't that Scotland? Few men have been through such an ordeal as he and survived as triumphantly. One often reads in books about men who are offered the highest positions, as MacDonald was by his former friend Lloyd George at the outbreak of the war, only to reject them, then to face popular obloquy, and finally to return to popular favor and great power. But here is one who in the flesh has run through this gamut in the six and one-half years since August, 1914. America ought to see him; it needs his counsel.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Arizona: "Playground of the Angels"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following prayer was made at the recent inaugural ceremonies for the Governor of Arizona—who is, by the way, something better than a grand old Roman. He is a liberal, open-minded, modern American.

O Thou Eternal Jehovah, on this inaugural day, as this grand old Roman assumes the gubernatorial responsibilities of this great commonwealth, we stand as hopeful, happy expectants of better days for Arizona. We pray that he may have wisdom to steer the ship of state over the breakers of extravagance and the deep seas of indebtedness which now confront him.

During his tenure of office spare him the unjust, unreasonable criticism of disgruntled, mugwump Democrats, shrewd and designing Republican politicians, and sensational headlines of newspapers. Grant that he may have the support and cooperation of all sections, from every hilltop high and valley low, from desert waste and city full; from these rich and fertile valleys where the lowing herds come winding o'er the lea and the plowman homeward plods his weary way; from the golden west, where the sun gilds the western hills and the beautiful Colorado winds its way like a silver thread on its way to the ocean; from the north, where the snow-capped mountains and waving pines kiss the skies and aurora borealis shines at midnight like the noonday sun; from the east, where the quivering, glimmering rays of the coming sun prophesy the approach of the coming day and the stars pour their luster on the mountain slopes; from the sunny south, where the notes of the nightingale are more melodious than the lays and lutes of Olympus and the song of the mocking bird sweeter than the sound of the dulcimer that is heard in the shadow of death.

Grant, O Lord, that the banner of peace and prosperity may wave over Arizona until every State in the Union shall point with pride to this, the youngest, fairest daughter and brightest star that shines in the galaxy of States, and that Arizona may be regarded as the playground of the angels.

Washington, D. C., March 15 T. C.

In Defense of Mengelberg

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The first few paragraphs of Mr. Haggin's article on Mengelberg, in *The Nation* of March 7, contain an admirable exposition of the functions of an orchestral conductor. It is a pity that after such well-managed premises his conclusions show him overshooting his mark. Having played under Mengelberg's baton for three seasons I am in a position to dispute some of these conclusions:

1. Mengelberg does not "over-elaborate" his detail. His conceptions are entirely consistent with his particular aesthetic theories. Outside of the rehearsal hall it is impossible to form a fair estimate of his ideas.

2. None of his motions are "unnecessary." He simply refuses to take the chance of mistakes of deficient memory in his men. He has often told the orchestra that a conductor should not need to make many motions, but the overtired New York musician is pardonably slow to absorb his technical theories, which require a perfect virtuosity from every man. That the audience "sees the wheels go round" is quite as much incidental as purposeful on his part.

3. It is unjust to say that his virtues are "largely political." He is the most sincere and consummate artist America has seen since the departure of Dr. Muck.

4. Mr. Haggin himself says that the lay listener can seldom distinguish between a performance and the music performed. Is there any reason for denying him the chance to learn the difference? Ask Mr. Pitts Sanborn what Mengelberg is doing toward this end.

5. The Boston Symphony's conductor is practically the only

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one in America who has carte blanche to play what he pleases. Most of the others are handicapped by the box-office deterrent. Mengelberg, however, does play Mahler and many new works in spite of some opposition and criticism.

6. His reverence for Beethoven and Bach has been so often stated to the orchestra that Mr. Haggin's final conjecture is entirely superfluous. A course in rehearsal attendance, if possible, would convince any doubter of the genuineness of his belief in both Mahler and Berlioz.

Finally, Mengelberg is doing his best to wean New York audiences away from their restricted diet and New York ought to thank him for it.

New York, March 22 ALLAN LINCOLN LANGLEY

Where the Woman's Party Stands

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent editorial paragraph you state that "members of the Woman's Party in New York State (who have gone so far to the Left that they have completely circumnavigated the globe of social opinion and fallen into the arms of the extreme Right of the employer's associations) think it a shame for women to accept industrial safeguards which do not apply equally to men."

The only "industrial safeguards" on which the New York Branch of the National Woman's Party has taken any action are the eight-hour bill for women only and the minimum-wage bill for women and minors. We have asked the legislature to amend these bills so that their provisions will apply to both men and women instead of to women only.

We do not presume to say what is the best method of improving labor conditions, whether it should be accomplished by organization or legislation, but we are not in favor of legislation that will place women on an unequal plane before the employer. We believe that inequality before the employer is a grave discrimination, because women lose their employment in many instances, and, even more often, it causes them to be held at a low economic level.

Instead of having "fallen into the arms of the employer's associations," the National Woman's Party, in taking a position in favor of industrial legislation for "persons," is in the excellent company of the two greatest international conferences of *industrial women* ever held:

At the First International Congress of Working Women, held at Washington, D. C., in December, 1919, the following resolution was passed: "*For all workers* a maximum eight-hour day and a forty-eight hour week."

At the International Congress of Working Women, held at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1921, "it was voted that all social legislation should benefit office, shop, and agricultural employees as well as factory workers, *irrespective* of color, race, religion, or *sex*."

We are also in the company of Mrs. Sidney Webb, probably the greatest industrial expert in England. In her minority report of the War Cabinet Committee on Women in Industry (published in London in 1919), Mrs. Webb states: "That, for the production of commodities and services, women no more constitute a class than do persons of a particular creed or race; and that the time has come for the removal of all sex exclusions; for the opening of all posts and vocations to any individuals who are qualified for the work, irrespective of sex, creed, or race; and for the insistence, *as minima*, of the same qualifications, the same conditions of employment, and the same occupational rates for all those accepted by the private or public employers as fit to be engaged in any particular pursuit.

New York, March 21 JANE NORMAN SMITH,
Acting State Chairman,
National Woman's Party

Miss Glaspell's Vision of Life

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Portal Playhouse Players produced Susan Glaspell's brilliant New York failure, "Inheritors," in Minneapolis last night. An audience of several hundred persons collaborated in the performance. For the first time in the writer's experience in the American theater an American audience burst into applause again and again out of enthusiasm for a play. It was not Miss Barrymore's or Miss Eagel's acting they were applauding, but Miss Glaspell's insistent vision of life. The spectacle of the playwright talking eloquently to an audience, through the imagined persons of the play, was new to the writer. How often it is that we are moved by a daring quip, or stage-worn situation given a new turn, or a mechanical device, or the evocation of character by skilful actor or actress, and how seldom, if ever, by the reality of life which lies beyond all these, which it is the function of these to call up and realize. Perhaps that is why we have no playwrights and do have actors.

One is at once aware that Miss Glaspell has transgressed the sacred formula of the American theater. Her play deals directly with neither property nor sex. Here is a dramatic narrative which runs through the lives of three generations, culminating in a third act, criss-crossed with concealed waves of deep emotion, and emerging in an answer to the question, asked by Greeks and Elizabethans more often than by us: "What shall we do with the race of which we are a part?"—without once invoking the myth of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" or the pathos of the abused wife or mistress. Yet the audience did not seem to mind.

A remark by Senator Shipstead that Miss Glaspell's play was the only American play he had ever seen which bears comparison with significant European drama leads one to ask "Whence comes 'Inheritors'?" It does not come out of the tradition of "The Great Divide." It is not germane to "Kindling" with its sentimentalization of poverty, or to "The Easiest Way" with its blending of the themes of property and sex. Miss Glaspell did not go to school to Edward Sheldon. Neither does "Inheritors" seem to belong to the Europeanized American drama which has given us the admirable "A Hairy Ape." With its portrayal of pioneer life, its attachment to the life of the Red Men, its moving symbolism of the corn, its deft handling of the Banker, the Senator, the Professor, as well as with its whole cultural background, there are indications that it springs from the marrow of our national life.

One may dispose of it as a "sport," or one may say that it speaks out a new culture slowly becoming vocal in America. It looks like the latter. In this sense "Inheritors" is as significant to us as "The Doll's House" to Norway and "The Weavers" to Germany. I believe there is a large latent audience in the Middle West awaiting such plays of our common life as Miss Glaspell's. It only needs the plays and capable and venturing companies like the resident Portal Players to prove its response.

Minneapolis, March 10 M. H. HEDGES

The *Times* and the Department Stores

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You were under a misapprehension when you wrote your comment in *The Nation* of March 14 on the controversy between the New York *Times* and certain New York department stores. The plan agreed upon is on the basis of a sliding scale of rates. The average circulation of the *Times* for 1922 served as a basis. On account of the rise in circulation of the *Times* in 1923, it is probable that the plan will bring a higher advertising rate than the *Times* originally asked.

New York, March 21 LOUIS WILEY,
Business Manager of the New York *Times*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Life

By EDWARD H. PFEIFFER

There was a low, dull droning in my ears,
I saw faint bodies bended, dim and gray,
And faces soft behind a blur of tears,
Cold lights like weary stars hung far away.

And muffled voices pelted me like rain,
I hardly heard and did not understand,
White lips about me seemed to cry with pain,
From every shadow poured a stretching hand.

There was a scent of roses lost in smoke,
A famished taste grew ghostly in the air,
And shapes, untouched, like bubbles soared and broke . . .
There was a haunting vagueness everywhere.

Then through the shapes a wave of motion went,
Toward me they came and never turned aside,
Through me they passed . . . I knew not what it meant,
And then I half remembered I had died.

Books

Portrait of an Artist

A Book About Myself. By Theodore Dreiser. Boni and Liveright. $3.

IT is notorious by this time that Dreiser has no style, that, in the narrower sense, he cannot write, that his language has neither eloquence nor grace nor beautiful rhythm. And, therefore, in our still somewhat Alexandrian period, the word has gone forth that he is not an artist. He is not, indeed, an artificer; his nature has no touch of felicity. Oftener, to be sure, than is commonly supposed, he strikes out strong and expressive phrases, as when he speaks of "a Hogarthian shamelessness and reconciliation to filth." But, generally speaking, the texture of his prose is mean and even slipshod. Yet it is equally certain that he first and foremost saved our American literature from continuing wholly in a state of feeble Alexandrianism and that he has been a source of abundant strength and inspiration to writers who possess the felicity, the grace, the eloquence in which he is wanting.

We have degraded the notion of the "maker." Small, conventional, timorous natures who can purvey neat phrases are our typical artists. Day before yesterday their phrases were Pateresque and a little luscious; yesterday they were bright and comely with a daring edge, like the phrases of R. L. S.; today they are a little more athletic, a little more cerebral. But today, as in other days, these phrases are often but the garments of gentlemen who differ in no essential respect from their fellow-voters. The artist, the "maker," "vates," seer is, above all, one who sees. He sees the world and the universe for himself. He is detached and fearless and terribly honest and terribly unyielding. He makes no compromises. There is his vision. The vision is himself. He does not and cannot become really entangled in the lesser businesses and contracts and even pieties. His work is his neighbor; his vision is his law. He says with Dreiser: "I doubt that I have ever been in love with any one, or with anything save with life as a whole." The whole world is his province. He loves the world of appearances with a strange and absorbing passion. In that passion are no discriminations; it knows neither better nor worse, neither ugly nor beautiful. Every place is a place in the world; every man is a son of man. There is no quibbling about man's nature—how it should be if only it weren't as it is. There is acceptance, massive joy or sorrow over the so-ness of things in its totality. But never an attempt to escape from that so-ness or to reshape it according to some parochial pattern of moral quackery. That is the spirit of Homer and Shakespeare and Goethe and Fielding and, after Fielding, of lesser men who contributed to the art of fiction which had in Fielding its first complete master. And among these lesser men is Dreiser.

"A Book About Myself" confirms these observations. There are many dull and mean pages, pages about dusty, forgotten men and things. Yet even these pages are saved by the presence in them of the author's boundless appetite for life and the interpretation of life. Here, as in his other works, he does not try to interpret life by a rule of thumb, by an anterior theory unrelated to the facts. This is what has caused him to be called immoral. Yet this is precisely the element of greatness in him. He is thrilled by beauty, but he is also thrilled by horror, by the fierce ugliness of certain neighborhoods of the Chicago of his youth, by madhouses and hospitals and jails. From the totality of things he tries to wring a meaning. If all are not saved, none are or can be.

The book has its side of more concrete interest. It shows us how Dreiser found his people—Hurstwood and Jenny Gerhart and Angela and Witla. There is a long and uncommonly eloquent portrait of his father which throws light on the character of old Gerhart and on many other passages and figures in the novels. There is the image of the author's own dreamy, romantic, almost sentimental, youth which bears out an old observation that the naturalist is a wounded poet who first tried to live by selective experiences and passions, by beauty and charm and blitheness, but who, finding the world recalcitrant to his yearnings, accepts the totality with a large and matured resolve that is not untouched by bitterness. Throughout these pages, too, is a picture of a fading America which will soon live only in literature. Finally there is the analysis of the first contact with love which was of such far-reaching importance in Dreiser's life and so became of an importance more and more visible in American literature. He gives his ultimate conclusions here. But the further facts are reserved for another volume which should be even more searching and also more colorful than this.

L. L.

Prescott Illustrated

The Conquest of Mexico. By W. H. Prescott. Illustrated by Keith Henderson. With an Introduction by T. A. Joyce. Two volumes. Henry Holt and Company. $12.

EVERYONE, in his youth, has read Prescott (and by Prescott I mean at least "The Conquest of Mexico"), and everyone whose fortune brings him to the years of repose will, in his age, reread Prescott. The study of history has a special quality for each of the periods of a man's life: for youth, its pages are bright with romantic adventure and the shining conquests of remote dominions; it is the epiphany of youth's own high hopes; for the man of the active years, its volumes are impatiently thumbed in quest of the practical wisdom of economics and politics, for the sake of the brief light that may be shed upon his own troubled courses; and for memory-haunted age, history is the material for that philosophy which the rightly conducted mind will draw as an essence from the phantasmagoria of human life. All historians write for one or the other of these periods; great historians for one and another. And if a man can write for two, why should they not be the anticipative and the reminiscent, the romantic and the philosophical interests of that ideal world which is shared by youth and age, as in contrast with the choppy practicality of the realistic years? Prescott, certainly, had learned well the lesson of Herodotus and Thucydides: he chose for his materials moments of dramatic tension; he depicted his stage with imagination and followed his action with fire; and he eased the knotty heights of his epi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sodes with the serene choruses of his fine reflections. For the youth, it is the splendid adventure of the "Conquest" that makes its ineffaceable appeal—gorgeous empires tottering, mad heroisms, fanatic exultations, and deathly fears; but for age, with its slow rereading, it will be the clear-cut thought and assuaged judgment of the humane and understanding historian that must give to Prescott's work its last value. There is something truly great in the power to see life intensely, there in its terrors, and emerge from the spectacle, not with a hardened, but with a more tempered humanity. This power was Prescott's.

And now the "Conquest" has discovered its illustrator! The immediate occasion for this new and beautiful edition is the fact that the publishers found themselves resistlessly surrendering in the presence of Keith Henderson's drawings. This artist had himself first surrendered to the Aztec codices. He had pored over these, and over the collection of antiquities in the British Museum, and over the old texts, until he had found himself, in spirit at least, one of the brown-skinned scribes of that Mexico which is now four hundred years dead. What a scroll he has made for us!—the drawings all clean-brilliant black and white—beginning with pictographic glosses taken from the codices, and passing on to the series of dramatic visualizations which tell the story almost without text. In the very first, "The Spanish soldiers established a friendly intercourse," and "A homily by Father Olmedo," we have, as Prescott would have wished, a confrontation, not of two races, but of two worlds. And then there are the scenes which in our boyish imagination stood out so glowingly: the superb hauteur of the Aztec tribute-collectors, the resolution amid danger of the inquisitions at Cholula, the palanquin of Montezuma on the causeway (contrast it with the later one of the mummied and bedecked body of the dead emperor passing to its tomb), and then that portrayal which to one imagination at least gives at last a satisfying image of that impossible leap by Alvarado, on *la noche triste*, which caused the Aztecs to cry out in awe, "Tonatiuh, child of the Sun!" One ought to mention the grim series which characterize Guatemozin, and lead on to the finale, the hero in his panoply, foully hung, amid enveloping black; but it is just here that we come back to the center of Mr. Henderson's art, the fact that he moves with his characters through the drama.

Cortés—twice he is shown alone, and only his back—"Cortés was heard pacing his apartment," and "Cortés tore the scroll in pieces"—but the action is the man. "The Emperor Montezuma trembled on his throne in the mountains," this also one must mention; but I suppose there can be no question that the triumph of psychological portrayal is in the depictions of Marina, from the first sketch of the demure Indian maid posing for her portrait with Cortés's morion and gauntlets, on through the many scenes in which her unobtrusive presence is yet the crux of the situation (as it was in the conquest itself), and up to that climacteric moment of doubt and divided loyalty when with Cortés she advances to meet the Emperor—of whom all her instincts would make a god. One can appreciate, in following the series, the adventure and conversion of the artist. "The Europeans arrive," he says in his preface; "I imagine myself to have arrived with them—as a spy to begin with and eventually a deserter."

T. A. Joyce is a man of competence for the introduction which he has written to the edition. He remarks of Prescott's history of the conquest itself that it was so well founded in the available materials, and these so well judged, that there are few particulars in which the narrative needs emendation. He assesses, too, at a value which is real, Prescott's efforts to reconstruct Mexican culture; but here, of course, undreamed-of facts have come to light since Prescott's day, anthropology and Mexican archaeology alike throwing Aztec civilization into wholly new perspectives. Prescott's own contribution, as a critical appraisement, was no mean one; but it is now necessarily antedated by a wider and yearly growing knowledge. The whole problem of pre-Aztec culture is thrown into a new dimension by studies of Maya and Toltec remains. Perhaps Mr. Joyce does not sufficiently recognize its still problematic character. "The recent excavations at Teotihuacan," he says, "have revealed a style of art obviously based upon the Maya." Yet the excavator, Dr. Gamio, in his newly published report, not only repudiates this view, but maintains the reverse, that Maya culture arose under the more ancient influence of Teotihuacan. Teotihuacan is in the same upland region as Tenochtitlan (Mexico City), to which archaeology may yet restore the primacy which it had for the imagination of Prescott.

HARTLEY ALEXANDER

Five Fictions

Beyond the Sunset. By Arthur D. Howden-Smith. Brentano's. $1.75.

Trodden Gold. By Howard Vincent O'Brien. Little, Brown and Company. $2.

Gladiola Murphy. By Ruth Sawyer. Harper and Brothers. $2.

Spilled Wine. By G. St. John-Loe. Thomas Seltzer. $2.

Out of the Frying Pan. By C. Nina Boyle. Thomas Seltzer. $2.

OF these three American and two English novels from the winter crop, four are devoted to establishing the proposition that personal worth invariably vanquishes the most adverse circumstances. The fifth, "Spilled Wine," is quite frankly nonmoral; its heroine achieves her aims through the larger virtues of being young, and pretty, and talented.

"Seeing America First," if it is not the intent, is at least the accomplishment of Mr. Howden-Smith. More than 200 years ago, it seems, two white men and an Indian made the journey from New York to the Pacific Coast and return in four years. It is a rediscovery of the continent in the measure of its primeval romance. Accounts of the customs and way of life of the Indian tribes the wanderers encounter have an authentic ring. Mr. Howden-Smith suggests J. Fenimore Cooper by his conception of the basic goodness and nobility of the savage and the sentimental tear over his evil fate. The idea of the God-given mission of the English white man to carry civilization and Christianity into the wild country, regardless of consequences, recalls Rudyard Kipling's attitude toward another sort of Indian.

Mr. O'Brien works out a formula almost in terms of the chemical laboratory from which his chief character is drawn. He sets forth that sin and ugliness grow with the enlargement of the financial glands of the bank account. Conversely, he presents the ascetic ideal: the uncomfortable home, the inadequate budget, plus the larger purpose of service to mankind equal a high white glow of goodness, justice, love, mercy, and truth. The novel reveals a certain impartial observation. The characters talk and act naturally, but their motivation is outrageously simplified. He is, further, not content with reducing the creative evocation of people as they are to an elaborate diagnosis of sick society; he must needs cure. Let the wealthy give their surplus, he preaches, to the dreamers who will devote it to bringing "new knowledge to the world's science and to a life of service to humanity." Both the dreamer and his angel will thereupon reap "quite tangible advantages in depth and richness of character and fineness of spirit." Selah.

The conflict of heredity and environment, concentrated in the person of a beautiful and spirited young heroine, gives Ruth Sawyer an opportunity to relieve herself of a message of optimism from the gospel of work. The text may be paraphrased from a familiar quotation: "For men may rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things." So it was with Gladiola Murphy, daughter of poor white trash in Maine. Her father and mother were both degenerate issue of "fine old pioneer stock." She persistently improved herself out of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Murphy cottage to a distinguished sculptor's studio in Boston. Beginning with a surreptitious tooth-brush and a flourishing berry-picking business, she becomes, thanks to the "revelation of the real significance of self-chosen occupation" and the intervention of friendly chance, a brilliant sculptor and the intimate of artists. Gladiola is cast in the mold of the fresh, sweet girl who instantly and all unconsciously renders everyone her willing slave. She is a wholesome vindication of the great American tradition of democracy.

A novel about a novelist offers distinct possibilities of subtle motivation and complications of plot. Miss St. John-Loe has chosen to ignore them. The publisher asserts that she is "looked upon as the most promising young woman novelist in England." It may be that she has written her own story. The young heroine who writes novels is the apotheosis of the correspondence-school-fiction course. She achieves success beyond the wildest dream of a short-story writer, and marries a rich man, too. She has a career of wild dissipation in Paris and goes back to repent in London, on the theory that the novelist must "know life." She has a creed. In her own words: "I want to be a realist, but not the sort of realist that Zola was—or Turgenev. There's just as much truth in a field of bluebells as in a dustbin of rotting cabbages."

Miss St. John-Loe apparently does not subscribe to her character's belief. She not only has nothing but fields of bluebells, but she has sprayed them with synthetic perfume. Her novel is based on the romantic concept that only exceptional people "make good copy." She throws the emphasis on acting rather than on being. The four love episodes might have come from the Duchess, with a little rewriting. Almost all the characters are artists. One knows they are artists because they go about admiring sunsets.

The respectabilities are preserved so breathlessly often by Miss Boyle that one is convinced of the adage: "Fiction is safer than truth." The story of the triumph of the pure young girl over a succession of picaresque episodes and shady persons is told with a 'cutely knowing air that lifts it from the usual ruck of romantic crook novels to something near its model, Charles Dickens. Miss Boyle spares no pains at filling in a grandiose setting. She is not content with giving her heroine a mother who is a gambling shark, a madame, a variety actress, and worse. She does not stop at hairbreadth escapes with virginity intact for the young girl on the Continent. She takes her back to London and delivers her to a scoundrelly and traitorous father. An intricate plot weaves the widely separated characters and episodes into a compact pattern whose center is the incurable romanticist Maisie. Dickens's habit, forced on him by the serial magazines, of shifting sharply from one set of characters to another is faithfully copied. One is aware, however, of an undertone of suppressed laughter following Maisie into the most terrifying cul-de-sacs of villainy. The slightly ironic treatment touching off Maisie's serious young naivete is a delicious stroke. It is an entertaining and diverting tale, glorifying the English young gentlewoman.

JOHN W. CRAWFORD

History of Art

A History of Art. Vol. I. Down to the Age of Raphael. By H. B. Cotterill. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $10.

MR. COTTERILL is a champion for Greek art in all the expressions in which it has come down to us. His admiration, however, for Hellenic architecture and sculpture has not left him unappreciative for what are known as the Classical Renaissance and the Gothic. What it has done for him is that he judges every expression of art, with respect to its grandeur and beauty, from the standard furnished him by the Greek. The incomparable skill, he affirms, that produced the Parthenon frieze "is a splendid manifestation of a spirit which reveals itself not only in the finest Greek architecture and sculpture, but . . . in every great work of formative art ever produced by human genius." For those who accept this affirmation, he says, "the spirit of the best Hellenic art and literature seems to be perceptible in every truly grand and beautiful work, of whatever age or people it may be and however un-Hellenic in outward show, and that every so-called work of art that seems to them to contravene this spirit by vulgar grotesqueness, unrestraint, exaggeration, or other violation of the unwritten laws that guided the great artists and writers of Hellas, seems to be for them profitless and bad."

It is well that the reader of today should be thus warned in advance, for of late years there have arisen several schools, especially in painting, whose only reason for existence would seem to be that their work shall be a direct contradiction of this affirmation. And they have been supported in their revolt, in spirit if not altogether in an acceptance of their work, by able writers on aesthetics who reject the Hellenic art canon. These artists may be moved to unrestraint and exaggeration and vulgar grotesqueness, but there may still be a justification for the faith that is in them, if that faith can inspire a Cézanne. It may be that the new art canon, in laying less stress on the imitative faculties and most stress on the creative imagination, is some day to give the world a new Phidias and a new Raphael. We confess that the post-impressionists and futurists and cubists have not won us over to their theories by their exemplification of them, but their points of view may not be dismissed by either derision or contumely. We have yet to understand those blessed Mesopotamian words—Truth and Beauty—which we pronounce with such unction and which we present clothed in all the gorgeous vestments of morality and duty. We are quite content to experience them, and if the workers under the guidance of the new art canon can give us this experience we shall be as deeply grateful to them as we have hitherto been to those who have delighted and charmed us under the Hellenic dispensation.

Accepting Mr. Cotterill's orthodoxy, this first instalment of his history of art is as excellent a résumé of its kind as we have read. It is not overloaded with details and it goes straight to the heart of each subject as it is brought up for treatment and consideration. He begins with short chapters on Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian, and Ægean art. Then follows a careful exposition of the Hellenic and "Hellenistic" eras. The consideration of Roman art is prefixed by a sketch of Etruscan art. Republican Rome and Imperial Rome are dealt with separately. Early Christian art is treated in some detail with a lucidity that is highly praiseworthy. The Romanesque era is given ample attention in so far as its architecture is concerned. The Gothic era is, of course, entirely of its architecture, and the treatment of it is the clearest and least technical we can remember. The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries are entirely given up to the art of Italy, and Mr. Cotterill shows that he is intimately acquainted with the periods. In the second and concluding volume we are promised a consideration of the various national art expressions, and, as a supplement, a sketch of Indian, Chinese, and Japanese arts because of the influence these have had on modern European painters.

The task of writing a history of art which should be both succinct and comprehensive is one which demands unusual learning and ability, if it is to be accomplished successfully. It is a work which only an historian who was also a lover of his subject could have brought himself to undertake, for pitfalls threaten every step, and unless he knows the road in its every turning, the enterprise must end in disaster. That Mr. Cotterill should have arrived at his journey's end as safely as he has done is a high compliment to his ability and enthusiasm. The pictures he has taken by the way, of which there are over three hundred, are excellently reproduced and give adequate examples of the subjects he writes about. To those who desire to know the world of art, we can recommend this guide-book with every assurance that they will find it interesting and informing.

TEMPLE SCOTT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peasants of America

The House of Yost. By George Schock. Boni and Liveright. $2.
Druida. By John T. Frederick. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

AN urban provincial like the present reviewer cannot help expressing a certain pleased surprise at the richness of background which George Schock has found to her hand in a part of the American hinterland. He cannot but hold American writers responsible for the fact that the rural community of Pennsylvania Dutch into which she leads him is so little familiar and that the firmly established community of folk which she describes, with the dominant family established in a sort of manor house, seems more English than American. We have always shied at the word "peasant," partly because it is distasteful to democratic ears and partly, of course, because it does not actually describe the race of independent pioneering farmers which constitute the characteristic phenomenon of our country. But among these Dutch settlers and among the Scandinavians of the Middle West there must be a genuine peasantry, deeply rooted in the soil and living in a genuine society, and this means that there is also rich material for stories of a sort entirely different from the romance of the pioneer and similar to those which have given dignity to Brittany or the south of England. They spring from conflicts between man and his way of life, conflicts non-existent to the pioneer and obscured in the complexity of an urban civilization but simple and clear in the life of the genuine peasant.

The generation just past almost discovered this and other of the manifold richnesses of the American scene but the movement was vitiated by the weakness inherent in the local-color school. The conventionality of the stories usually showed through the laboriously collected oddities of dialect and custom which were intended to hide it, and the school died only to make way for the interesting young iconoclasts eager to tell "the truth about the village." The racy comedy and the dignified tragedy of rural communities do not give themselves either to those who condescend or those who scold, and the soundness of Miss Schock's method consists partly in the fact that she does neither. Obviously the life which she is describing is too familiar to her to seem merely quaint literary material, and the story which she tells grows naturally from the community. Without being a great novelist or a perfect one she is entirely genuine and, though she has not equal talent, she suggests Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith in her power to make rich and real a rural civilization unfamiliar to the reader.

The simple, almost patriarchal conditions of life which she presents is admirably suited for the kind of story which she has to tell—the story of the bare clash of individual wills against each other and against the traditions of their life. George Stroh, last representative of the dominant family of Yost, defies his mother, marries beneath him, and brings home his bride. There under an ample roof and in the midst of plenty is fought out a three-cornered battle over the claims of love and the claims of family tradition. The son, with his loyalty divided between mother and wife, the mother torn between stubborn pride of race and love for the son whom she is alienating, the wife turned against both by the fiercest pride of all, the pride born of poverty—these form a drama fit to be played in an unsophisticated but thoroughly organized community. With the character of the wife I do not think that the author is especially successful but both the mother and the son are excellently drawn. Above all she is successful in evoking the background and in suggesting the gusts of hate which blow through the book, the stubborn pride which will not yield whatever pain must be inflicted and endured. There are storms here which Emily Brontë would have loved.

Mr. John T. Frederick's story of the Middle West is similarly honest in intention. He, too, has a genuine sense of the dramatic value of the peasant type, and he has chosen his central character from the lower rather than the higher ranks of his community. The sturdy Druida, a young woman who assumes almost heroic proportions amid the rough life of the farm, is well drawn and drawn obviously from life, but the story has a factitious air. All readers of current fiction must have noticed that the average novelist fights shy of all but superior people and is careful to assure us that his humbler people have at least cultural aspirations, as though, for instance, Tess or Esther Waters would have been more significant or sympathetic figures if they had been described as cherishing a battered copy of Shakespeare found in the attic. Mr. Frederick, I fear, suffers somewhat from this delusion. He has in the poor farm girl a genuinely tragic figure but he is compelled to apologize for this somewhat humble person by endowing her with aspirations and sending her off to the State Normal School to become cultured. Now, such a girl might easily work out a destiny, comic or tragic, in the surroundings in which she was born and with which her character is integrated, but it is difficult to raise a State Normal College to the heroic plane. Thousands of girls, in books at least, have had their technical virtue suspected and been driven from home, school, or position by the voice of village scandal, and it cannot be said that Druida's predicament is described with an originality or feeling sufficient to convince the reader that she was subjected to it for any reason other than that her creator scarcely knew what else to do with her. Nevertheless "Druida" reveals an interesting talent and a genuine feeling for the life described. It is the author's first effort, and the next time he should be able to finish as well as he began. If, as is quite possible, the commonplace part of the story was actually observed, he will learn to free his imagination from the tyranny of fact when fact is too banal.

J. W. KRUTCH

Balloons

Balloons. Elizabeth Bibesco. George H. Doran Company. $2.

THIS volume of "Balloons" is well named, for Elizabeth Bibesco's sketches, taken as a whole, have the gay, multicolored, highly flavored lightness and subtlety of a bunch of balloons tugging at the end of a stick, but when a single balloon is chosen from the cluster it often has the disconcerting balloonish habit of exploding into nothingness before one has extracted from it the full share of happiness anticipated. Yet at least there is always present this dramatic quality, evanescent, yet delightful while it lasts.

Elizabeth Bibesco uses for her sketches material from which Katherine Mansfield would have made short stories, and Henry James, novels. She has their interest in the nuances of human relationships, the psychological intricacies of living, and especially of loving. Her volume is more than merely clever—there is here an acuteness, an irony, and a sureness of touch that make the book, in its small way, really significant. It is not easy to forget The End, when he watched, as he always did, from the window for her to turn and look up, "to send up a tiny semi-binding glance of reconciliation." But when she got into her taxi "she never glanced behind her, she never glanced up. He shut the window with a shiver. 'The end,' he murmured." Nor Misunderstood, the picture of the great June Rivers, the writer, who loved not her husband who cared for her, for her books, but George who talked to her of cricket averages and "who adored her without knowing that she had genius, only that she had sympathy—who had no idea that she was a great woman, only that she was a charming one."

I have quoted enough to show the brevity and skill of the writing. It moves with a speed that at times approaches restlessness, yet Elizabeth Bibesco has a genius for compression—the compression into a few phrases of all the details of a situation, into a few pages of the hopes and failures of a lifetime, into a word or two of the charm and quality of a woman: "her hands like uncurling fans"—"The lady got up with a certain waddling stateliness (perhaps after all she was fifty). Her

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clothes fell into perfection—she walked slowly and calmly with appraising steps."

Perhaps all in all this compression is her greatest quality, perhaps we ought not to be disappointed when the balloon bursts after too short a happiness. Yet it is not too harsh to say that this brief happiness of the readers of "Balloons" is, on a different level, akin to the pleasure that the drab and humdrum take in reading the gilded novels of "society," for Elizabeth Bibesco gives the constrained intellectual a vicarious sense of subtlety and scintillation, of sophisticated inner knowledge which is false. Alas, women are not so lovely nor men so understanding, and life and love are just a little less subtle and exciting, a little more blundering and obvious than she paints them. KATHARINE SERGEANT ANGELL

A Human Mixture

Pietro Aretino. By Edward Hutton. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

IT seems perfectly natural that up to the present revival of interest in the works of the ancients the life and the works of Pietro Aretino have been practically unknown to the English-speaking people. An unvarnished dose of the writings of the Renaissance "monster" would prove too much for even our so-called "broader minds," and his work, whitewashed, would lose much of its charm and sprightliness. Aretino, expurgated, would sound very much like a converted street-walker. He would be out of his milieu. And before he could be given, straight, this country and her more prudish sister on the other side would have to take many courses in comparative standards of morality. So the only way we can, and for some time will be able, to study him in English, is in a biography.

And it does seem a shame. Here was a man, typical of his century, in whom all the contemporary vices and qualities were so exaggerated that a study of his works seems a cross-section of the life of the first half of the sixteenth century. Aretino was the ardent friend or feared enemy of everybody in Italy from the Pope to the lowest prostitute. He was a friend and a "gossip" of Titian, for whom he procured many commissions, a correspondent and a welcome critic of Michelangelo, a supporter of Leo X and an opponent of Clement VII. His house in Venice was the meeting-place of all the artists, writers, and courtesans of the period. Many a political plan, far-reaching in its consequence, was born under his roof. He is said to have influenced Molière and Rabelais, and finally to have founded what is today known as the modern press.

This needs explanation. In Aretino's time there was no need of a press as we understand the term today. The lower classes were illiterate and indifferent; unrest had not been sown among them. But there was another class on which those in power counted for support: the lesser nobles, the court followers, and the minor clerics. These had their circles; they supported their leaders. They formed what later came to be called political parties. They were as a rule highly sophisticated and satiated by the classics, which had been given rebirth by the Renaissance. There was opportunity for a man of facile pen who could write pungent satire to capture their minds and thereby wield much power. Aretino was just the man for this. He was unscrupulous, dishonest, a brilliant writer—in short a born leader. He wrote hypocritical letters tinged with flattery and with threats—the counterpart for modern editorials. To appease the church he wrote religious studies. And in his spare time he composed dramatic works.

Yet it is a sign of the man's genius that all these works, written in haste, for the purpose of extracting a few ducats or a concession from some aspiring nobleman or official of the church, are the best commentaries we have on his period, and that his Ragionamenti and comedies have been taken as models by his successors. Some of the comedies have been compared, by patriotically enthusiastic critics, to the works of Shakespeare. They sparkle with wit and tingle with satire. But it is on the Ragionamenti, those obscene dialogues for which he has been vituperated, that his fame most solidly rests. The best of those —a conversation between two *filles de joie*—can be considered as an important study of national characteristics. Especially the types in which one of the women, Nanna, describes to her younger colleague the different nationalities she has met. It would be impossible to translate her language into modern English. It is the language of the sixteenth century, to our minds gross and obscene. And this is a pity. Because rarely does one find anything as delicious as this.

It is for his personal life that most of Aretino's critics can never forgive him. He was a opportunist in the fullest sense of the word. But in this human mixture, beside hypocrisy, blackmailing, and sexual impurity and perversion, there lay also the elements of kindness to the unfortunate and true love of the beautiful. He was always the best friend of the artist and the creator. The doors of his house were never closed, and inside could be found all the stray wrecks whom fortune had tossed aside and he, in his compassion for the unfortunate, had picked up. The work of Mr. Hutton is competent and authoritative. He has translated a few passages with great delicacy but it is to be feared that if he renders any more they will be found, only, in some private edition, cautiously kept away from the public view. NATHAN ASCH

Travelers in Spain

Nights and Days on the Gypsy Trail. By Irving Brown. Harper and Brothers. $3.

Through Spain and Portugal. By Ernest Peixotto. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

"O come, Spanish travelers, and see the gipsy show,
A hundred thousand Kikis all dancin' in a row!"

VALE! Spain! Homeland of Kiki! Kiki the thief, Kiki the creature of Parisian streets, but forever Kiki the chaste, Kiki the "good girl." For here, in the burning, fevered land of the Cid, is discovered, not one lone Kiki to struggle valiantly against the world's terrific odds, but a veritable army, a vast Kiki tribe. What though these tawny maidens dwell in Cadiz or Cordova rather than France, though they be called "Gitana," gipsy, in lieu of "cocotte"? The code is one Pick a pocket, rob a house, cut a throat, but virtue must be vigilant. Irving Brown avouches this again and again. Carmen, the celebrated, is explained away as an exception, loathed by her race. In gipsydom a wedding-ring is more vital than in Kokomo.

But only in this single instance does Mr. Brown seek to slay romance. Elsewhere, with bootblack or desperado for companion, he searches diligently, in the shadows of the sunken slum, beneath the glaring lamps of a riotous cafe, or amid the howling mob of the bull ring, to find the picturesque, the bizarre. And finds it. Sketches, delightfully frank. As says one modest Gitano: "Come back in two weeks—my daughters will be out of jail." Not another "Lavengro," nor pretending to be, but an interesting book about a mysterious people, by a born tramp with a sense of humor.

Humanity in the "Gypsy Trail." Cathedrals, towers, palaces are the characters in "Through Spain and Portugal." Primarily an artist, Ernest Peixotto has written primarily for the artist. Grim castles, grotesque carven doorways, huge Roman aqueducts readily convey to the painter, the architect the spirit of a country. But to those whose art horizon is bounded by a course in college and an annual visit to a museum this prolific structural detail is bewildering, and the reader is sometimes lost in a maze of interior buttresses, angle turrets, colonnettes Though often highly colorful, the text seems largely to exist as a guide for the writer's numerous and striking sketches Mr. Peixotto limns with dignity, riding in a comfortable Pullman car; the author of "Gypsy Nights" travels by "hopping" freights. BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drama

Creative Irony

EXPRESSIONISM has two chief aims: to fling the inner life of the dramatic figures immediately upon the stage; to synthesize, instead of describing, their world and their universe into symbolic visions that shall sum up whole histories, moralities, cosmogonies in a brief minute and a fleeting scene. If this form of art is to be effective and beautiful, it must be very sensitive and very severe at once. Beneath it must be fundamental brainwork, thinking as resilient as steel and as clean cut as agate. The symbolic masses must glow with a clear irradiation from within. Otherwise all is murky and muddled. You can describe fragmentarily and produce fragments of truth. Realism does not commit you to any whole. In expressionism the antecedent intellectual grasp of your entire material must be firm, definite, complete. Everything must be thought out and thought through. This is what, despite moments of the highest brilliancy and glow, Mr. Eugene O'Neill did not do in "The Hairy Ape." This is what, in a harder, drier, less poetical vein, Mr. Elmer Rice has actually succeeded in doing in "The Adding Machine."

Mr. Rice's vision of the world may infuriate you. There were people behind me at the Garrick who first grumbled and then cursed politely. You cannot miss it; you cannot withdraw yourself from its coherence and completeness. Examine his play scene by scene, symbol by symbol. The structure stands. There are no holes in its roof. It gives you the pleasure of both poetry and science, the warm beauty of life and love, the icy delight of mathematics. I am aware of the fact—critics should make this confession oftener—that my profound sympathy with Mr. Rice's substance necessarily colored my reaction to his play. Not, however, to its form, not to the heartening fact that here is an American drama with no loose ends or ragged edges or silly last-act compromises, retractions, reconciliations. The work, on its own ground, in its own mood, is honest, finished, sound.

What Mr. Rice has to tell us is not new. But creative literature, I hasten to add, need not have novelty. What Edgar Lee Masters, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Zona Gale, what the whole new American literature of moral protest has told us, is also told here. This particular world of ours deliberately hides or chokes with dust and ashes the very sources of human life. It has made fetishes of ugliness and monotony and intolerance. It has given to these fetishes high-sounding names. It is wedded to denial and has made a pact with death. From the intolerable repressions of Mr. Zero's life flares one explosion of the nerves. But it is an explosion of the sickened nerves only. Slavery is in his soul. He is, in reality, doomed to add figures, doomed to chant in unison the pack-formulae so terribly and hauntingly projected in the third scene. He cannot stay in the Elysian Fields with Swift and Rabelais and the great company of the confessors of life and light. He cannot hear the music which is the music of life. The place is not respectable. It is no place for him. He "beats it"—beats it back to an eternal adding machine, back finally to an earth where slavery is his eternal portion and hope an ironic delusion. Mr. Rice is terribly bitter, terribly relentless. There is the other murderer in the Elysian Fields who turned upon the torment of his life, who was so steeped in hell that he thought it heaven, who now thirsts for flames to burn away the guilt of his one moment of blind protest and dumb liberation. Only to the shabby office girl a better knowledge is given. In the woman soul alone Mr. Rice sees a ray of beauty. She wanted Zero to fulfil her womanhood even on earth; she hears the music of life at once. Hers are courage and insight and love.

It is not just to speak of the Theater Guild's production of this play in the ordinary sense of that word. How much or how little Mr. Rice had in his stage directions concerning the scenic embodiment of his vision I do not know. It is clear, however, that there has been here an imaginative collaboration between dramatist and producer which is not necessary in the case of a realistic play. It is necessary here. And the results are extraordinarily telling and beautiful. There is, for instance, the place of justice to which poor Zero is brought. The tall windows are crooked; the railing is crooked. But the lines are not crinkled. To the perverse vision they may seem straight. They lean diagonally. The judge is petrified. He is literally of stone. The mob cries "guilty"; a dead heart deals out mercilessness and calls it justice. Not all the scenes are as finely conceived as this. But all have been designed by an imagination packed with close thinking, profoundly akin to the imagination that shaped the play itself. The acting is in the same mood of absorption in the author's intention. Here, too, is creative collaboration. Mr. Dudley Digges gives the finest performance since his Henry Clegg. And here he is more varied, more expressive. He makes shabbiness of body and soul true to every dusty detail and also a thing of cosmic dread. Miss Helen Westley has her accustomed edge and veracity, Miss Margaret Wycherly her pathos and yearning, Mr. Louis Calvert his depth and richness of reality. Mr. Edgar G. Robinson and Miss Elise Bartlett contribute to the strange eloquence of this play and production which constitute, without question, one of the major achievements in the entire field of the American arts.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Among the Best

THE OLD SOAK—Melodrama made civilized by Don Marquis's wit and insight.
RAIN—Most searching play of the season.
ROMEO AND JULIET—The triumph of Jane Cowl.
PEER GYNT—Excellent production of an undramatic drama.
MARY THE 3RD—Highly suggestive social comedy.
THE LAUGHING LADY—Ethel Barrymore is herself again.
THE COMEDIAN—Suavely elegant entertainment.
ROGER BLOOMER—Imperfect, but vital and aspiring.

L. L.

LECTURES and AMUSEMENTS

ROGER BALDWIN of the American Civil Liberties Union, and **JOSEPH T. CASHMAN**, representing the National Security League, will discuss "Free or Free-er Speech" on April 1st at 8 P. M. at 2 West 64th St., New York. The public is invited.
THE SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE.

"You Can't Divorce Your Cake—and Eat It!"
A LAUGH FROM THIS BRILLIANT COMEDY
ETHEL BARRYMORE
Presented by ARTHUR HOPKINS in ALFRED SUTRO'S "THE LAUGHING LADY"
LONGACRE Theatre, West 48th Street. Mats. Wednesday and Saturday.

Harry Weinberger presents
RUDOLPH SCHILDKRAUT
in
"The God of Vengeance" by Sholom Asch
APOLLO THEATRE
219 West 42nd Street Bryant 5500
Regular Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays

Theatre Guild Productions
THE ADDING MACHINE
By ELMER L. RICE
GARRICK THEATRE
65 West 35th St.

PEER GYNT
By IBSEN Music by GRIEG
SHUBERT THEATRE
44th St. W. of Broadway

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

International Relations Section

India's Peaceful Revolution

By BLANCHE WATSON

THE All-India Congress, by a two to one vote, has declared against participation in the farcical reform Councils, and in favor of a continuation of the program of strict non-cooperation with the Government. The Congress met this year in the historic city of Gaya where the Buddha received his supreme enlightenment. This city is in the province where in 1918, on the occasion of a peasant revolt against the tax collectors, Mahatma Gandhi first made use in India of the weapon of non-cooperation. This weapon the great Nagpur Congress accepted in 1920.

"The decision at Gaya," says one of the leading papers of India, "was a victory for the Gandhi forces of non-violent non-cooperation—a refusal to write off the last two years and go back to the futile game of constitutional politics. . . . For the third time the Congress registered itself against Council-entry. Non-cooperation is triumphant, and everywhere are to be noted signs of fresh zeal." Evidently the expected and widely heralded collapse of the Nationalist movement is not yet. It cannot be denied that, ever since the arrest of Gandhi last March, there has been a marked let-down in the activity of many and in the spirit of some of the non-cooperators. "The wave of pessimism that overtook the Nationalist camp," says *Swarajya*, "was due to the general attitude of doubt created by the vacillating policy of the leaders. The country never deserted the cause of non-cooperation. In fact the obvious lack of united leadership only made the masses all the more loyal to Mahatma Gandhi and his principle. Gandhi-ki-jai was on all lips at the Congress, and the Gandhi spirit kept the non-cooperators in the straight and narrow path chalked out by him." As in December, 1921, the Congress successfully resisted the efforts of the violent minority to pull the revolution to the "Left," this year the voice of the people spoke through their delegated spokesmen against the intended move to the "Right," that is to say toward cooperation with the political machinery of the Government.

Next to the verdict against Council-entry, the most important decision of the Congress was the hastily adopted resolution repudiating the financial liabilities to be incurred by the present Government of India. The fact that this matter was taken up in the open Congress rather than in committee has brought forth the criticism that too much zeal and not enough discretion was used in the handling of a matter, not merely of political strategy, but one affecting the intimate welfare of the people. As the resolution stands the Indian National Congress has asserted the Indian people's determination not to be responsible for the debts incurred by the Government. It was pointed out that the repudiation of this responsibility by India "need not impoverish the creditors of the Government if Britain takes over, as in justice she should . . . [a debt which] can be proved to have been incurred wholly for the exclusive benefit of British imperialism." The proposal to boycott all British goods received little support. It was roundly condemned, indeed, as being impractical and inexpedient, as partaking too much of reprisal, and as lacking in the spirit of constructive endeavor which underlies the existing "boycott" of British and foreign cloth, intended to increase the manufacture and use of Khaddar (homespun). The acting-editor of *Young India* said, in speaking against the motion: "I beg you not to lay this foundation for future misery —not to do in anger that which afterwards will be an evil. . . ." The motion was defeated.

A decision to prepare the country for civil disobedience was embodied in a resolution which reads in part, as follows:

"The Congress reaffirms its opinion that civil disobedience is the only civilized and effective substitute for an armed rebellion, when every other remedy for preventing the arbitrary, tyrannical, and emasculating exercise of authority has been tried. . . .

"This Congress calls upon all Congress workers to complete the preparation for offering civil disobedience by strengthening and expanding the national organization, and to take immediate steps for the collection of at least Rs 25 lakhs, for the Tilak-Swaraj fund, and the enrolment of at least 50,000 volunteers. . . ."

Although the result of the deliberations of the Congress may fairly be said to be a triumph for the opponents of Council-entry, it is not an unalloyed triumph. Though the delegates firmly resisted all attempts to compromise with the principles inaugurated by the Mahatma they failed to close up the "split" in the ranks which was noted as far back as last August. It was almost a foregone conclusion that the pro-Council group would be beaten, but they seem to refuse to stay beaten. When the Civil Disobedience Inquiry Committee went beyond its legitimate function and gave undue prominence to the question of cooperation with the so-called reforms, it laid the foundation of those divided counsels which have led to the decision on the part of this group to form a new party within the Congress organization. Mr. C. R. Das, an extremely clever lawyer who has constituted himself spokesman for this group, has tendered his resignation as President of the Congress, declaring that he could not associate himself with most of the resolutions passed by that body. His ultimatum was contained in the last sentence of his resignation, and reads: "I must either retire from public life or form a separate party within the Congress." At first this announcement created considerable depression, utterly contrary as it was to the accepted standards of the organization where unity has been the active principle to be preserved at all costs. The pessimistic view of the action of Mr. Das, however, seems to have given way almost immediately to an optimistic view. Some few refuse to admit the existence of any split. Others recognize that a breach has occurred but feel that it is likely soon to be closed up. Says the Bombay *Chronicle* of January 8, 1923:

"Repression has failed, the imprisonment of the Ali Brothers and Mahatma Gandhi has failed, and the latest 'stunt' of capturing the Congress from within and drawing it bodily into the Councils has so far failed to change or even touch the spirit of the movement. What will the Government do next?"

There is as much danger today from too much optimism as there is in over much pessimism, perhaps more. In times of crisis leaders and people must face facts or defeat. The facts of the situation are that the integrity of the non-cooperators is threatened not only from within but from without. It cannot but be evident to those who see in the Councils a "short cut" to Swaraj, that short cuts are incompatible with true non-cooperation. It must be quite as evident, too, that their insistence on carrying on their propaganda in spite of the verdict of the nation is sure to divide its energies at a time when the interests of the country demand unanimity of endeavor as well as of aim. That such unanimity is considered to be possible is indicated by those encouraging words from the *Chronicle*, speaking of those who have declared for the new party: "We have no doubt it will not be long before the logic of events will bring home to them the fact that their view about the Councils is a wrong interpretation of the principle of non-cooperation, to which they still remain true."

An editorial in *Samachar* (Bombay) said, shortly before the assembling of the Congress delegates: "The Government hav-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing examined the Mahatma will turn to the nation. It will soon be the people's turn to pass the ordeal." The people spoke at Gaya. They took their stand beside the Mahatma.

That such a stand means martyrdom for both people and leaders cannot be doubted. Are "the people" numerically strong enough and spiritually well-prepared enough for the inevitable reaction to their defiance? If they are, the leaders, in the light of the lead that the Congress has just given them, can be trusted to fall into step. The response to the demand for civil disobedience will be the test of the people's fitness, not to "paralyze the Government," but in the words of Gandhi, "to render the Government superfluous."

When the present Government has been made superfluous, India will have gained Swaraj.

An Interview with Mr. Joffe

By GERTRUDE HAESSLER

Tokio, February 24

MR. JOFFE, who represented both the Chita and the Moscow governments at the Chang-chung Conference with Japan, has recently arrived in Japan to recover from an illness. Despite his condition he agreed to answer certain questions and give Russia's point of view in regard to her relations with the Far East.

Mr. Joffe has been engaged in Peking on a mission which the Soviet Government considers of paramount importance—to endeavor to bring about peace and understanding among the countries of the Far East compatible with the sovereignty of the peoples concerned. Efforts to bring about peace between Russia and Japan have twice failed—once at Dairen and again at Chang-chung—but Mr. Joffe claims that progress toward amicable relations has been made and that there is hope of establishing peace with imperialist Japan without sacrificing Russian dignity. The greatest stumbling block is the inability to come to an understanding on Sakhalin and Nikolaievsk. The Japanese determination to bind these two problems together and treat them as one was the direct cause of the failure at Dairen, and one of the chief bones of contention at Chang-chung.

The questions and Mr. Joffe's signed answers (translated from the Russian by his secretary, Mr. Sergius C. Shvarsalov) follow:

1. What is the story in brief, from the Russian point of view, of the Chang-chung Conference?

(a) What did each country expect to gain?

"I do not know what Japan expected from the conference. It seems that she expected all her interests in the Far East to be satisfied.

"As for Russia, true as she was and is to her policy, she expected that peace would be really established in the Far East."

(b) How did the Japanese demands differ from those they made at the Dairen Conference?*

"They did not differ in any way. Evidently the Japanese delegation believed that since the Dairen rupture had taken place in view of Japan's refusal to fix a date for the evacuation of Siberia, once this date had been fixed by Japan it only remained at Chang-chung to put a signature under all the demands made by Japan at Dairen, and the only concession they were ready to make was to allow the participation of Russia in the negotiations."

(c) What were the demands of the Siberian-Russian delegation?

"Russia considered first of all that all demands were inadmissible which were incompatible with the sovereignty and national dignity of a great Power, and then she considered that it was indispensable to fix a day for the evacuation of Sakhalin as had been done in the case of Siberia. No special demands were advanced by Russia."

(d) What caused the failure of the conference?

"What caused the failure of the conference was the nonrecognition of these stipulations on the part of Japan. By making the question of the evacuation of Sakhalin dependent upon the settlement of the Nikolaievsk affair, Japan advanced a demand incompatible with the national dignity of a great Power, for indeed never and nowhere in the records of international history has a foreign territory been seized as security for the settlement of any conflict. Heretofore such actions have taken place only in relations of so-called civilized states with so-called barbarous tribes, and naturally Russia could not allow an attitude toward herself similar to that adopted toward some wild tribe of Central Africa.

"On the other hand, the Japanese delegation refused to discuss the Nikolaievsk affair and, thus binding with the latter the question of the evacuation of Sakhalin, established the occupation of this island for an indefinite term."

(e) What was the effect of the conference on Russo-Japanese and Siberian-Japanese relations?

"I believe yet that the Chang-chung Conference did serve some good purpose, in that Japan has begun, even if little, to understand what the new Russia is and in what tone one must speak to Russia; and we also have become a little better acquainted with Japan."

3. What is the Russian side of the story about Nikolaievsk, and what is the significance of the Japanese remaining in northern Sakhalin?

"According to our information, the Russian partisans at Nikolaievsk had concluded an armistice with Japanese troops. The Japanese did not abide by this armistice and attacked the Russians who were taken quite unawares. During the fight that ensued the Russians were fired upon from the windows of noncombatant citizens. In spite of this the Russian partisans were victorious, and in their wrath they killed all the Japanese population of the town.

"These partisans were afterwards tried by a court (a Russian court), and all of them were found guilty and sentenced to be shot for acts of violence against peaceful Japanese citizens, in spite of their having been provoked to such violence. The sentence of execution was carried out. However unfortunate, the Nikolaievsk affair is but an episode in the records of the Japanese intervention in Siberia, for there have been many cases when in similar circumstances the Japanese have massacred wholesale the population of Russian villages.

"As regards the significance of the Japanese remaining in northern Sakhalin, I think that the Japanese interest there is for the greater part imperialistic: it is the desire to keep in their hands the Sakhalin oils and also to use the strategic importance of Sakhalin as a key to all the Russian ports on the Pacific coast."

4. What is the attitude of the Japanese in Siberia toward the present Government and toward recognition of the Government by Japan?

"I believe that the Japanese residents in Siberia take a very favorable attitude toward the Russian Government and most strongly desire that it be recognized by Japan. Such at least is the information which I receive."

* Briefly the principal demands made by the Japanese at the Dairen Conference included the following:

Demolition of all fortifications at Vladivostok.

Recognition of all agreements which may have been made with Semionov, Kalmykov, and Merkulov—this recognition to be made by the Russians before the latter be allowed to see what the agreements were.

Retention of Possiet Bay by the Japanese. This bay is slightly south of Vladivostok and an excellent entrance into the Siberian interior.

Rights of Japanese to maintain troops at Vladivostok and other strategic points.

Special rights for Japanese subjects, favoring them over other foreigners, not only in fishing and navigation privileges, but in leases of valuable coal and ore districts and railways.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5. What is the present basis of reconstruction in the Far Eastern Republic—socialistic, communistic, or capitalistic under state control?

6. What is the present relationship between the Far Eastern Republic and Soviet Russia? (Nos. 5 and 6 are answered together.)

"The Far Eastern Republic is today an integral, though an autonomous, part of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic, and as such she has the same regime as the latter; that is, state capitalism is established there. Politically the state order is a Soviet one, and full power is in the hands of the workers and peasants, headed by Communists."

7. With the present tendency of the Russian Soviet toward the granting of large concessions to foreign capitalists, how does the Russian Government expect to keep control of the capitalist and to get rid of him finally?

"All the concessionnaires are naturally bound to observe the internal laws of Russia, and these guarantee the interests of the toiling classes which are the ruling classes in Russia; besides this, state capitalism consists precisely in that the state, while it leaves in its own hands the main branches of production and participates in the largest trusts and syndicates of a mixed type, has full possibility to control and to regulate all private industry and commerce."

8. What danger is there of the capitalists getting control of education, the press, etc., under these concessions?

9. What justifies the Russian Government in withholding absolute freedom of speech and of the press, and how long will this state of affairs be necessary? (Nos. 8 and 9 are answered together.)

"Economically capitalists need neither the right of public education nor the right of freedom of the press. These rights may be necessary only in the interest of political acquisitions. The workers' and peasants' power gives economic freedom to all who wish to profit by it, but it has no intention of allowing the political power to get out of its hands. Why, then, should it surrender into the hands of the capitalists the elements of political power, since economically these are not at all necessary for the capitalists, and since such a surrender would only make more tense the political relations between the Soviet power and the capitalists, to whom the Soviets have given facilities for economic construction?"

Kuzbas Colony Intact

IN answer to persistent reports of collapse and disintegration in Kuzbas Colony in Siberia, a resolution was adopted on January 21 at a regular meeting of the American miners in the colony. The text of the resolution follows:

We, the American miners of the American colony Kuzbas at Kemerovo, Siberia, hereby send to the American workers, especially to the miners of America, a hearty greeting and thanks for the donations made to the American colony, such as tools and presents, etc., which we believe were not only a helping hand to the American colonists, but in reality a help to build the industries in Russia.

Therefore, be it resolved, That we, the American miners of the American colony of Kemerovo, pledge ourselves to do the utmost in speeding up the coal production to the highest capacity possible. And be it further

Resolved, That we hereby condemn the false statements printed in the American newspapers that we are starving and that there are 20,000 Americans in the hospitals sick with disease, etc. In fact there are not 500 colonists here, and we have plenty of food, although we have no pie and cake—which is a small concern to the class-conscious revolutionist. Again, be it further

Resolved, That we, the American miners of the Kuzbas Colony at Kemerovo, Siberia, are working in the best spirit and that we understand that we came here for the purpose of helping to build industry and not for personal profit, so to say, and we further ask that fellow-workers Cosgrove and Tom Reese, who are here in Kemerovo investigating conditions and needs of the colonists, be asked that they print this resolution in the *Kuzbas Bulletin* and other working-class periodicals for the benefit of the American workers.

Again, greetings to the revolutionary workers of America, with hopes for an early establishment of the world workers' republic.

American miners of the American Kuzbas
Colony, Kemerovo, Siberia.

(Signed) EPHRAIM KENTTA,
WILLIAM LUGGE,
LEO J. WYDRA,
ABRAHAM SEIGEL, Chairman

Contributors to This Issue

MANLEY O. HUDSON is professor of international law at the Harvard Law School.

MARY AUSTIN, author of many plays and novels, has made an intimate study of the life and literature of the Southwest Indian.

CLARKE KNOWLTON was holder of the Appleton traveling fellowship from Harvard in 1920 and 1921, spending those years in Europe studying Continental architecture.

BLANCHE WATSON has devoted several years to a study of the Indian question and has published a number of articles on the subject.

GERTRUDE HAESSLER is the Federated Press correspondent in Japan.

THE HISTORY
of
UTOPIAN THOUGHT
by
JOYCE O. HERTZLER, Ph.D. (Wisconsin)

The perfect social states foreshadowed by the prophets Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, the divinely instituted societies of the apocalyptists, the "Kingdom of God" of Jesus, the "City of God" of Augustine, and Savonarola's theocracy are examined with respect to (a) actual conditions at the time, (b) the contrasts in nature of the perfect states proposed as substitutes, (c) the ways and means of effecting the transition, and (d) the significance which these various conceptions may have for us today.

These results are then compared with the theories of reconstruction of the secular Utopians Plato, More, Bacon, Campanella, Harrington, Morelly, Babeuf, Saint-Simon, Fourier, Cabet, Blanc, Owen, Bellamy, Hertzka, Wells, etc.

$3.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

64-66 Fifth Avenue New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED